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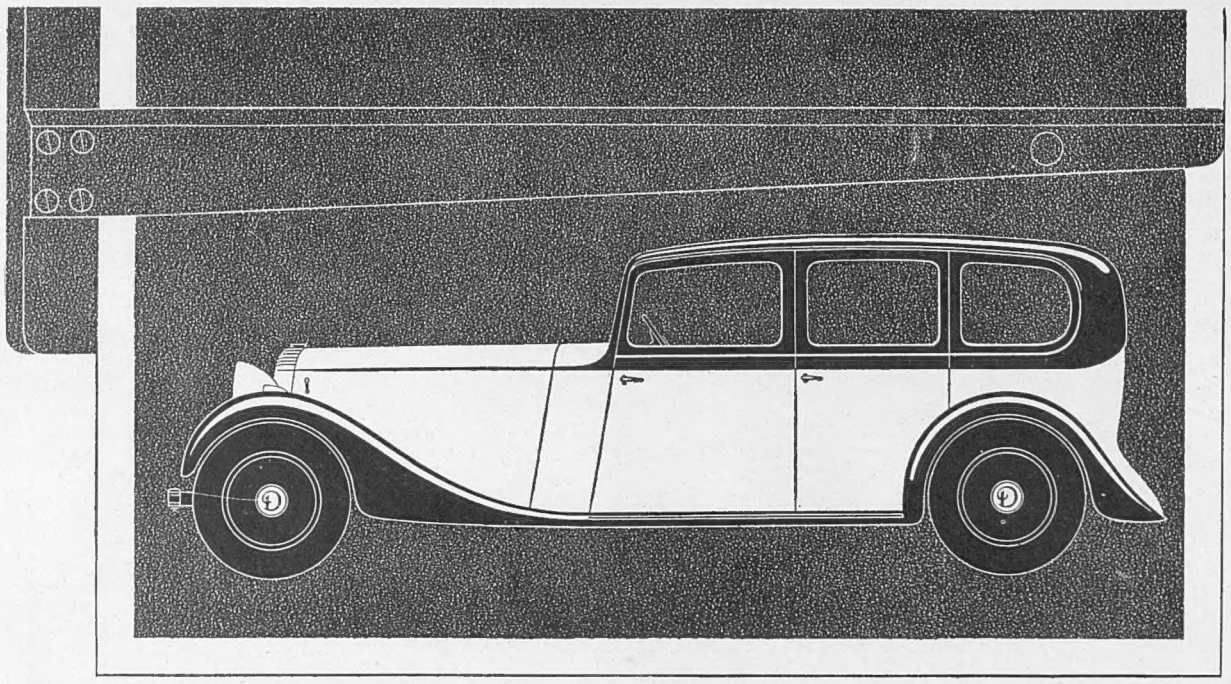

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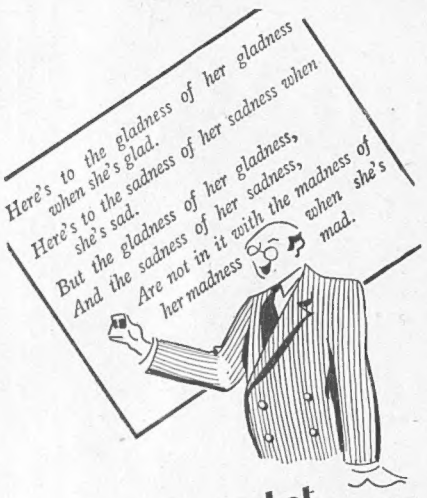

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Current Events at Home Recorded

evidenced many big changes, particularly the greater mobility and versatility of the modern rifle battalion which can advance at high speed in its platoon trucks and, with its Bren anti-aircraft and its anti-tank guns, should be able to give a good account of itself in any situation

A CONTRAST IN EQUIPMENT: Another picture taken at the Aldershot display. The man on the left has a load of just over 50 lb. while he on the right has 42 lb., a reduction that makes for greater mobility and is yet another step away from the serious overloading that obtained during 1914-18 when between 70 and 80 lb. were sometimes carried. As depicted here a reduction has also been made in the size of the bayonet, the blade now being 8 ins. instead of 18 ins.

very easy to load and fire. How effective they can be in action is exceedingly difficult to estimate, but great things are expected of them

MARY TAKES NO CHANCES: Whipsnade's brown bear walking down to the pool for a drink with her three-days old cub in her mouth. She did not dare leave it behind as she was afraid that Sam, the father, might do it an injury. The youngster is regarded as a fine specimen, but many visitors to the open-air zoo will be surprised at its diminutive size considering the bulk of its parents

"WE ACCUSE THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL OF UNFAIR DISCRIMINATION" was only one of the indictments on the notice erected by Mr. Emmanuel Dale above his shop near East St. Market, Walworth, South London, which, after fifty-five years, he has been forced to close for business on Sundays under the terms of the Sunday Closing Act. In the nearby market shops are open and this differentiation between premises lying only a few yards apart is considered to be grossly unjust

A RACE AGAINST TIME: Pipes siphoning off water and a workman cutting through the concrete of the overflow dam to create a new channel during the desperate and successful effort made this week to reduce the pressure on the dam of the new Blaenycwm Reservoir, Monmouthshire, which had shown signs of cracking as a result of the enormous volume of water stored behind it following a week of heavy rains. Occupants of houses at the foot of the hillside were warned to leave as it was feared at one time that the dam would burst and that large areas would be inundated

THEIR TROPIC ORDEAL OVER: These ex-convicts, seen on arrival at Havre, were members of a party of sixty-nine released from the penal settlement of Devil's Island, French Guiana, after serving their sentences or on receiving pardons. Twenty-three of them were originally condemned as murderers and the other forty-six were habitual thieves. Never before has such a large batch been released at one time

JULIUS BARMAT: CONTINENTAL ADVENTURER

In the Realm of Large-Scale Fraud He was Stavisky's Equal, Bringing Down with Him Many in High Places

ON the morning of January 6, in the hospital of the forbidding prison of St. Gillis, on the outskirts of Brussels, died Julius Barmat. A week earlier Leo Franck, Governor of the National Bank of Belgium, died suddenly. There were those who connected the two deaths in some mysterious way. Franck had plenty of political enemies, who were pushing the Barmat scandals as hard as they could to discredit the Governor of the National Bank which had supplied funds to Barmat's undertakings.

Other high-placed Belgian political personages were said to be mixed up in the affair. Brussels and Antwerp were full of whisperings. So was Amsterdam, where Barmat had already left a trail of ruined reputations; and Berlin, where Barmat's machinations had caused the downfall of one public servant after the other, and had given Hitler a very useful whip to beat the Jews and Social-Democrats with.

That was Barmat's cleverness. He always managed to lure important political people into his schemes. Criminal processes against him have been dropped because of the widespread and politically-dangerous scandals involved.

His latest trial for financial frauds in Belgium looked like going through to the bitter end. Whatever high-placed personages might be involved, to drop the case against him would have created even greater scandals. The Rexists were there to watch that no one escaped the mud-slinging; it was just the sort of thing the Rexists like. But once again Barmat has been saved. Death intervened this time.

He had just been extradited from his adopted land, Holland, to Belgium. Four months had passed since Belgian public opinion had been shocked by rumours of another Barmat Affair on the grand scale. Two well-known banking institutions and a big bank had got into difficulties. Police investigation had shown bank frauds running into millions of francs; and, worst of all, the National Bank of Belgium had been giving credits to these amazing concerns. A well-known Belgian general, director of one of the banks, added spectacular tragedy to what was already tragic enough by committing suicide.

For some time it was difficult to determine who was the ringleader, the brains behind the affair. First the name of Barmat was whispered. Then it was mentioned openly in court. Finally it dominated the whole proceedings, and the request for extradition followed.

Who was this Barmat?

He was born in 1889 in the Ukraine, and lived in Russian Poland until 1907, when he came to Holland. He seems to have engaged in doubtful enterprises from the very beginning. When the war broke out he was still a Russian subject, but that did not prevent his entering the German spy service. He served the German Government well, and organised the supply of foodstuffs into Germany. His name appeared prominently in the Allied black list.

One of Barmat's tasks, which was admitted by the German authorities during his trial at Berlin for financial frauds, was to keep in touch with the Dutch Social Democrats and Communists and to create as much as possible a pro-German feeling throughout Holland. It is doubtful if he had much success.

After the Russian Revolution he became a Bolshevik. He went to Germany and was welcomed with open arms by the highest functionaries of the Social-Democrat Government, who, it should be said, looked upon him rather as a patriot and political comrade than as a swindler.

It was not long before he had victims. In 1923 he was in difficulties and had to apply to his important friends for credits. It is one of the mysteries of human nature that men no sooner get into high places than they become almost childishly credulous; and one of the mysteries of finance that it is easier to borrow a hundred thousand pounds against eloquence and a few figures on an envelope than it is to get ten bob against an honest reputation and a shy demeanour.

Anyway, Barmat got his credits; and got them, what is more, from the Prussian State Bank and State Postal authorities. The credits went the usual way, of course, and the entire direction and management of the State Bank resigned. Hölle, the Postmaster General, was so much in Barmat's power that the financier had almost unlimited credit from the funds of the Prussian Post Office.

The subsequent trial of Barmat in Berlin did immense damage to the prestige of the Social-Democratic Party in Germany, and undoubtedly gave impetus to the National Socialist movement. The trial brought out not only the corruption in State institutions, but gave substance to the National Socialist picture of the sinister Jew, who, from behind the scenes, was busy wrecking the moral and financial structure of the whole State.

As a result of the trial, Dr. Richter, Minister of Finance, retired completely from political life. So did the Chief Commissioner of Police. And the President of the powerful Social Democratic Party, Heillman, is still paying dearly for his services to Barmat by confinement in a concentration camp.

The rest of Barmat's career has run much the same course. All the financial scandals in which he has been concerned have turned out to be political scandals. One fears that a great many sighs of relief went up from political breasts when, in the prison of St. Gillis, Barmat's scheming ceased for ever.

R. E.

WHAT OF ELECTRA?

Her Tragedy gave Greek Drama a Theme, and now Eugene O'Neill has Shown that the Theme is Ageless

THERE are enough clues in *Mourning Becomes Electra* to make us feel certain that beneath O'Neill's play lie the broad lines of a Greek tragedy.

Our first is in the title. There is no one with the name of Electra in the whole of the play. Obviously, Lavinia Mannon is Electra. Electra and her story was a favourite theme for Greek dramatists in the fifth century B.C. Are these two women's stories, twenty-four centuries apart in time, similar in incident and motive?

You will remember the story of Vinny. She is the daughter of a proud, Puritan family in the America of the Civil War. Her father, Ezra Mannon, is away fighting. Her mother, in the Mannon family but not of it, takes a lover in his absence. When Ezra returns his wife poisons him.

Vinny was passionately devoted to her father; Orin to his mother. When she tells Orin of her mother's deed he refuses to believe her. Confronted with visible proof of his mother's guilt he shoots her lover.

You might have expected the story to end there with the Mannons preparing to live happily ever afterwards. O'Neill, however, takes them further. Mrs. Mannon, in her grief, kills herself, and her daughter makes no attempt to frustrate the deed—it is a just end. Brother and sister are then alone. Remorse hounds Orin, he can make no contact with the world of uncontaminated people. Loving his sister who grows to resemble more and more his loved mother, he shoots himself. Vinny is left, less free, less alive than her dead brother, to mourn in the empty house.

Greek enough, stark enough, you'd say for anyone and as the Americans said, certainly not American.

What is the Greek story? The legend of the house of Atreus was used by all three of the great dramatists of the fifth century, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The bare plot was the same except for the endings. Agamemnon (Ezra Mannon), returning victorious from the Trojan Wars is murdered by his wife Clytemnestra because she had taken a lover. The murder is avenged by her son Orestes (Orin to Mr. O'Neill), a deed to which he is goaded by his sister, Electra.

All three Greek playwrights, and O'Neill, take these bare bones of what is, after all, a dateless story. The real interest lies in the endings they give and the motives to which they attribute the actions of their characters.

For Aeschylus his unhappy family portray the struggles of blind forces of good and evil. Electra and Orestes suffer, but they are not regarded as responsible agents.

Sophocles makes his story a story of black against white. The mother sinned: the mother is punished. Orestes has the makings of a good family man. Sophocles' play is a morality play; his audience have the satisfaction of seeing wrong-doers well and truly punished.

For Euripides his family are human beings, with human strength and weakness. After the murder of his mother Orestes has no satisfaction, no sense of having fulfilled an obligation to right or justice, but only the remorse of a humane son for having murdered a too human mother.

At first sight O'Neill's play in plot and motivation most closely resembles Euripides'. But O'Neill is writing for a world which does not possess a standard, universally accepted ethic. He very skilfully gets the best of at least two worlds.

Puritans, the majority of his countrymen, can see *Mourning becomes Electra* and feel as a member of Sophocles' audience might have felt—it's mighty fine to see adultery punished and incest get it in the neck.

The intellectuals can see O'Neill's play as Aeschylus' audience saw the self-same story. They have learnt something from Mr. Freud. Not Good and Evil are at war but fixation meets fixation. The Mannon tragedy began in the nursery.

Just as three Greek dramatists, writing within a period of fifty years, take a story and pull the strings to the tune and temper of their times, so does O'Neill.

The form of O'Neill's play must, of course, fit the contemporary theatre. He even adapts, however, some Greek devices to very skilful ends. The chorus comment on the action: neighbours gossip before the Mannon's portico. He even has a messenger—not the breathless, cloaked figure but Seth, the gardener, slopping about between house and wood-pile, bringing news to advance the action.

N. B.

SINO-JAPANESE REFLEXES

Some Varying Aspects of the Struggle Outside the Theatre of War

THE GOVERNMENT HAS ITS EYE ON THEM: These Japanese fishermen, seen busily at work among their nets, are only just a few of the hundreds who have their base at Los Angeles and operate large fishing craft. The Federal authorities are keeping a close watch on the activities of this community, as it is believed that many of the boats, all of which are American-registered, really belong to Japanese who employ "dummies" to get round the law. The Japanese regularly use trained cormorants as fish catchers

DISCUSSING THEIR COUNTRY'S PLIGHT: Dr. Sun Fo (centre), President of the Legislative Council and, as such, one of the most important political figures in China to-day, with Mr. Quo Tai-Chi (left), Chinese Ambassador to London, and Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo (right), Chinese Ambassador to Paris, at their meeting in Amsterdam last week when, together with other Chinese statesmen and diplomats from Europe's capitals, they formulated plans for helping to continue the resistance to Japan. Dr. Sun Fo is the son of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen

CARNAGE IN CELLULOID: The Misses Wang, daughters of the Chinese Ambassador to the U.S., seen with the Chinese Minister to Mexico as they left the Fox-Movietone headquarters in Washington after witnessing the film record of the *Panay* bombing

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY: These girl delegates to the convention of the American Students' Union removed their stockings on the campus at Vassar College, New York State, and afterwards added them to the bonfire of Japanese goods which, as depicted *on left*, was staged to whip up enthusiasm for a Japanese boycott campaign. Needless to say feeling against the bombers of the *Panay* is still running high

CENTRAL EUROPE SITS ON THE FENCE

Finding Neutrality Pays, the Smaller States Wisely Refrain From Adhering Wholly Either to Anti-Communism or Anti-Fascism

VARIOUSLY INTERPRETED: Dr. Schuschnigg (left), the Austrian Chancellor, Count Ciano (second from left), the Italian Foreign Minister, M. de Kanya (with pen in hand), the Hungarian Foreign Minister, Dr. Daranyi (centre), the Hungarian Premier, and Dr. Guido Schmidt (right), Austria's Assistant Foreign Minister, pictured during the signing of an appendage to the Rome Protocols at the recent meeting in Budapest which has caused such jubilation in Italy. Other interpreters of the situation are not of the opinion that the Italian - Austrian - Hungarian bond is as close as some would have us believe, and that Austria and Hungary, also Yugoslavia and Rumania, are really sitting on the fence

CONGRESS DANCES: Count Ciano (*above*), Italy's Foreign Minister, and Dr. Schuschnigg (*above on right*), Austria's Chancellor, pictured at the ball given in their honour by Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, during the recent conference of the so-called Rome Protocol Powers which was convened in Budapest

THE installation of a quasi-Fascist regime in Rumania, with a new Premier, M. Goga, sending cordial messages to Signor Mussolini; the visits to Rome and Berlin on the part of Yugoslavia's Premier, M. Stoyadinovitch; and Poland's Colonel Beck making anti-League speeches in Berlin. All these things are causing people to ask whether the one-time Central and Eastern European allies of France are not moving over to the side of the Rome-Berlin axis? Austria and Hungary are already there, it is argued, and now the Little Entente will be split up by two of its members, Yugoslavia and Rumania, deserting France, and only an isolated Czechoslovakia will remain loyal to Western democracy in general and to France in particular.

Appearances are deceptive. In truth there is no general scuttle out of one camp into the other on the part of the smaller States. What they are really doing is to sit on the fence. The fence is possibly an uncomfortable seat, but it is a safe one. And it has this added advantage for the smaller Powers: that the big Powers, especially those in rivalry with each other, are wont to offer inducements to the occupants of the fence to come down on this side or that. This enables the smaller fry to obtain advantages from their bigger neighbours without giving much, or indeed anything very appreciable, in return. In a word: Neutrality pays.

The case of Poland is, of course, an old story. Wedged in between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, Poland is determined not to become a battle-ground. Hence, while she remains loyal to her alliance with France, at the same time she maintains her pact of peace with Germany. She is determined to look after her own interests and not to become a catspaw in the diplomatic games of her powerful neighbours.

The latest example is that of Rumania. With regard to her internal situation, it may be said that the new quasi-Fascist Government of M. Goga is in reality a "King's Government." King Carol—disappointed with the conduct of affairs by the Liberals of M. Tatarescu; bitterly opposed to the National Peasant Leader, M. Maniu; and not unnaturally nervous about the "All For Fatherland Party" (the "Iron Guard" Rumanian Nazis of M. Codreanu)—has put M. Goga into power. M. Goga's Party is numerically very weak. Its Fascism is diluted.

In the King's view, it was necessary to put the mildly-Fascist M. Goga into power in order to keep the rapidly Fascist and pro-German "Iron Guard" out of office. As to whether the experiment will succeed, or whether M. Goga is destined to play the role of a Rumanian von Papen, and pave the way for real Nazism in Rumania, it is as yet too early to say. The analogy with what happened just before Hitler assumed power in Germany is too obvious to be set aside. On the other hand, there must be set against this the fact that King Carol is a very different proposition from the late aged Hindenburg. He is young, and very much alive. And even his sternest critics admit that he is a very astute politician. As a wit has put it: "Hindenburg was gaga; King Carol is only Goga!"

In the realm of external politics, there is no doubt that many people in Rumania felt that M. Titulescu had carried Rumania too far along the path of Franco-Russian policy. M. Titulescu, not only one of the most brilliant of Rumanians, but one of the most notable European politicians as well, had tended to become more of an international celebrity than a national figure.

The new Rumanian Government has won laurels in Rome because of M. Goga's protestation of Rumania's "latinity" and his professed admiration for the Duce. Berlin has acclaimed with approval the anti-Semitic aspect of M. Goga's programme. At the same time, the new Foreign Minister, M. Micescu, has already hurried to Prague and Belgrade with assurances that Rumania's loyalty to the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact remains as strong as ever. In a word: the Rumania of the "King's Government" has not left the Anglo-French camp for the Italo-German one. It has merely moved into that middle position where there is the fence.

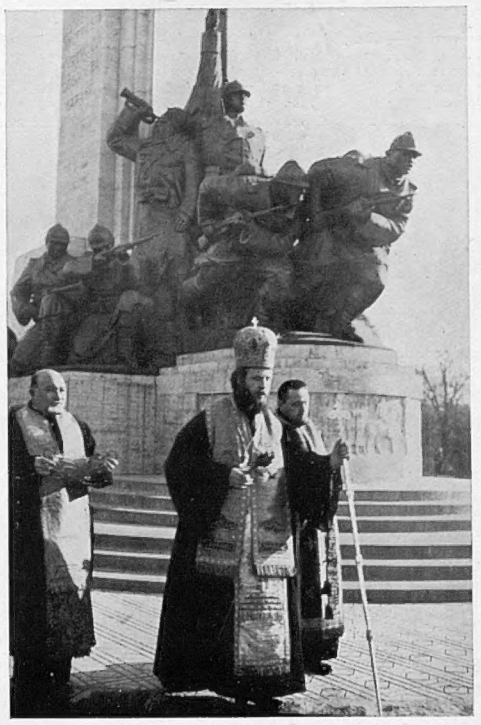
With regard to Yugoslavia, that most able statesman, M. Stoyadinovitch, when in London recently, was able to assure Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Anthony Eden that his country had no intention of joining any ideological bloc, whether anti-Fascist or anti-Communist. He told me the same when last I interviewed him in Belgrade. Yugoslavia is primarily interested in regional security. Hence the pacts with her various neighbours. She remains loyal to the French alliance. But she does not consider it to be in her interests to get involved too much in the various French schemes for multilateral pacts. At all events, she has gained a freedom of action whereby she can establish normal friendly relations with Germany and Italy, without in any way deserting her old friends, Britain and France. Relations with Britain are sincerely friendly. There are mutual interests in the Mediterranean.

Austria is, of course, obliged in any case to pursue a policy of balance. The Rome-Berlin axis means that Germany and Italy have agreed to compromise in Central Europe, in order to be able to collaborate in the wider European field. Austria, therefore, endeavours to pursue her own path as far as is possible within the somewhat narrow confines of the "independence" this situation allows her. This was clearly shown at the last meeting, in Budapest of the "Rome Protocol" Powers (Italy, Austria, and Hungary). Both Austria and Hungary paid lip service to the action of Italy in leaving the League, and also to the Rome - Berlin - Tokio anti - Comintern Pact. But they have neither left the League themselves, nor joined the anti-Comintern Pact.

Both Austria and Hungary are to some

(*Continued on page* 198)

On left—RUMANIA'S NEW FOREIGN MINISTER IN BELGRADE: M. Micescu (right) and his wife (holding bouquet) with M. Stoyadinovitch (left), the Yugoslavian Premier, during M. Micescu's visit to Yugoslavia to give assurances of Rumania's loyalty to the Little Entente following the inauguration of M. Octavian Goga's semi-Fascist ministry



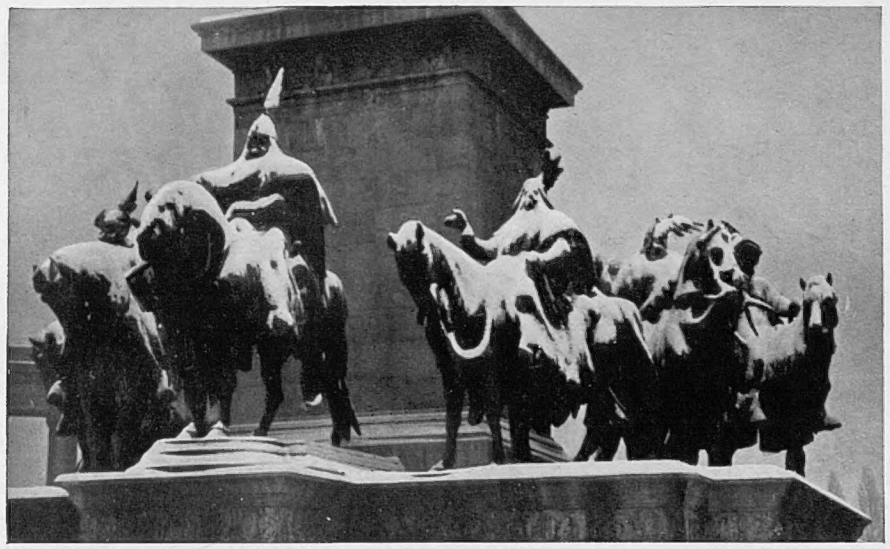
DRAMATIC SCULPTURE: Clergy passing in procession before the monument to the Rumanian infantry which has been erected in Bucharest, and, when this picture was taken, had just been inaugurated by King Carol

SHE ENJOYED THE JOKE: Baron von Neurath, Germany's Foreign Minister, and Madame Stoyadinovitch, wife of Yugoslavia's Premier, in conversation at the reception given by Baron von Neurath in honour of the Yugoslav visit to Berlin

EUROPE IN WINTER'S GRIP

The Weather England Had the Good Fortune to Escape

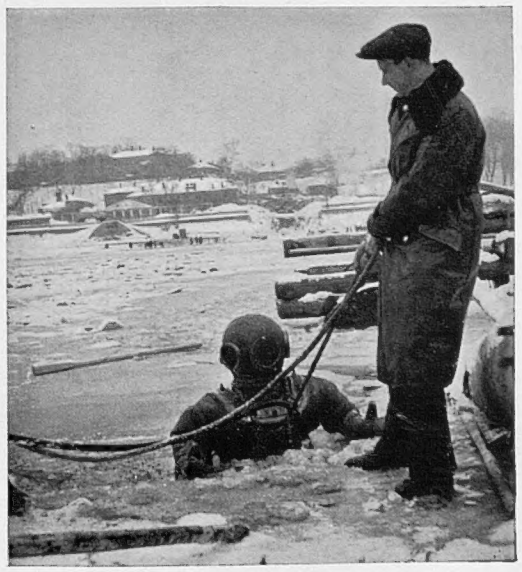
NATURE'S GROTESQUERIE: While she provided snow hats and cloaks for the sculptures (*above*) in Sansouci Park, near Berlin, she made a headdress of icicles for a statue (*right*) adorning one of the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, Paris. These are just two examples of what has been happening on the Continent, where exceptionally rigorous weather has been widespread. Britain, however, escaped the worst of it, the reason being that the immense drift of Russian air which invaded almost the entire European mainland overlapped across the English Channel for only a few hours, and was then displaced by comparatively mild winds from the North Sea



INNSBRUCK'S HEAVY FALL OF SNOW: Skiers at neighbouring resorts welcomed it and its advent was only to be expected at such an altitude, but Rome, on the other hand, was surprised at the severity of her frost which is evidenced in the picture *on the left* showing icicles on the Tartarughe fountain in the Piazza Mattei

On left—
A GHOSTLY ARMY: A snow-covered group of statuary in Budapest where the winter has been proving exceptionally severe

On right—
IT WAS NOTHING TO MOSCOW—they expect to be snow and ice bound at this time of the year—and the diver depicted here continued his hazardous task of laying sewage and gas pipes beneath the river



RUSSIAN PARLIAMENTS THEN AND NOW

RUSSIA'S FIRST MODERN PARLIAMENT: This picture, which was taken in Moscow in 1906 by "The Sphere's" special commissioner, C. O. Bulla, and is of such interest at this moment in view of Dictator Stalin's creation of an elective assembly, shows a sitting of the Duma, or second chamber, which had come into being in 1906, having been convoked by Tsar Nicholas II as a sop to public opinion following the radical and revolutionary activity resuscitated largely through the country's defeat in the Russo-Japanese War. The Duma, which lasted until the revolution of 1917 when it dis appeared with the overthrow of Kerensky and the rise of Lenin had an intensely stormy history, but it was very far from being powerful. All measures dealing with the army and navy were outside the Duma's sphere of influence, and it was really so constituted that the control of legislation was almost entirely in the hands of ministers, while the Tsar himself retained a wide

THE establishment of Parliamentary Government, or a semblance of such in Soviet Russia, in accordance with the dictates of the new constitution granted last year, marks yet another stepping stone in the evolution of post-revolutionary Russia, and at the same time calls vividly to mind the opening of the Duma in 1906 when Tsar Nicholas II was forced to yield to the general clamour for constitutional reform and attempted to quieten the people, for the time being at any rate, with a share in the government of the country. In 1906, as in 1938, the authority of deputies was limited, and there are many other points of comparison that give a special interest to the publication herewith of pictures of the two assemblies in session.

The Red Parliament of 1938, which has just met for the first time and every member of which was elected unopposed, consists of two chambers—the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities, the former of which is the more influential of the two. The Union Council has already nominated permanent commissions for drafting laws, for budget purposes, and for foreign affairs. The average age of its members is under forty, and the following official analysis of its make-up by profession and race is highly illuminating. The professions are :—

Party officials, 113 ; Government officials, including Yezhoff's 45 officials, 170 ; Workers of Our National Economy, that is officials of State trusts for industry, trade, and agriculture, 54; Other "social" officials, that is officials of State trade and other unions, 6.

In other words, out of the 569 members, 343 are officials and 68 officers and men of the Red Army, Navy, and Air Force. There are only 59 workers and 51 peasants of both sexes. Finally there are 48 people listed as representing "the intelligentsia."

Racially the Union Council consists of 338 Great Russians, 80 Ukrainians, 35 Jews, 15 White Russians, 12 Georgians, 11 Usbeks, 8 Tartars, 8 Kazaks, 4 Chuvashes, 3 Germans.

By "White Russians" is meant citizens of the Soviet Republic of White Russia.

The members have voted themselves salaries of 12,000 roubles a year (about £480) and receive extra pay while attending sessions.

One of the best eye-witness accounts of the first joint meeting of the two chambers appeared in a recent issue of

THE PARLIAMENT WITHOUT AN OPPOSITION: This historic scene was recorded in the Kremlin a few days ago when the members of the two chambers, comprising the first Soviet Parliament, met for the first time in joint session following the elections held at the end of last year under the terms of the new constitution of the U.S.S.R. drawn up by M. Stalin and his colleagues. The elections, it may be remembered, were on the now familiar totalitarian plan, requiring the

The Tsarist Duma of 1906 Compared with the Soviet Assembly of 1938

measure of his traditional "autocratic, unlimited power." Notwithstanding this the Duma showed its hostility to the Government in no uncertain fashion and it was not until 1909, when the number of exiles from Russia for political reasons was reckoned at 180,000, that the Assembly was so purged and packed by an ingenious franchise system that it agreed to work in harmony with the Tsar and his advisers. The Duma was never very competent and revealed only too clearly how many centuries of autocracy had resulted in an insufficiency of men of a mental calibre capable of operating a representative system

the *Evening Standard*, that journal's Moscow correspondent writing as follows :—"Pathetically bewildered and eagerly anxious to please, yet understanding very litle of what is going on, the joint session of the Supreme Soviet legislature presents the world's hollowest mockery of democracy. Sixteen deputies have received no education at all, although the majority have had at least an elementary school education.

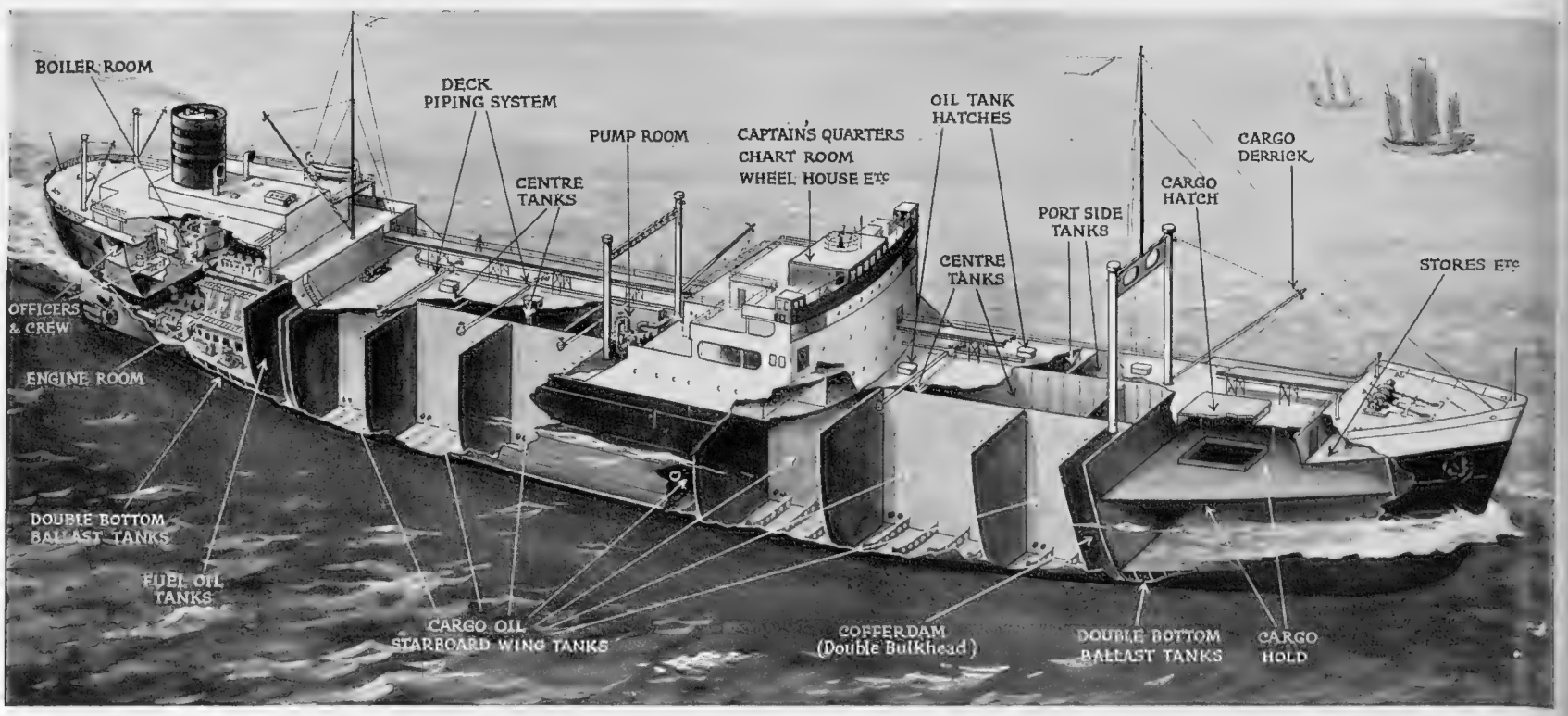
"Paying little attention to the speakers, the deputies sit goggle-eyed with rapture—gazing at Comrade Stalin, a legendary figure whom they scarcely believed existed. Typical of this feast of eyes on the dictator is the statement of the woman M.P. Olga Mutina. 'I was overwhelmed,' she exclaimed, 'I could not believe that I was seeing Comrade Stalin. When the meeting ended Comrade Stalin went towards the exit and all of us deputies accorded the leader a new ovation.'

"Parliament is meeting in an air of pseudo-seriousness. There is no drinking. No night life except for heavy 'revolutionary' fare at theatres and movies.

"Adding to the cosmopolitan appearance of Moscow's street scenes with its slant-eyed Mongolians and dark-skinned Georgians are the huge, black-uniformed Cossacks, all wearing the traditional high fur hat and carrying long pearl daggers.

WHAT DOES HE THINK ABOUT IT?: A typical member of the Russian intelligentsia at a polling booth during the 1937 elections under the terms of the constitution which brought into being the first Soviet Parliament. It was impossible to vote against candidates, but hostility could, of course, be registered by spoiling ballot papers

whole nation to go to the polls in support of unopposed candidates, and it seems that the duly-elected representatives have in turn no option but to support the regime wholeheartedly, there being no more intention in these days of "converting the ministerial bench into a prisoner's dock" than there was when the first Duma came into being in 1906. In other words the power still remains in minority hands, but apologists may reasonably put forward the plea that this new assembly has at least the merit of giving the Soviet M.P.s, for the most part men of limited experience, a primitive form of introduction to the idea and practice of a parliamentary assembly



JAPAN'S LATEST TYPE OF OIL TANKER: A diagrammatic drawing giving a lateral view of one of the 12,000 to 14,000-ton vessels, with a speed of 17 knots fully loaded, designed in Tokyo to carry refined spirit with speed and economy. The economic problem created by the necessity for making the return journey in ballast here finds a partial solution in the provision of a forward hold for dry cargo, which if loaded with bullion or silk, commodities that bulk small but have a high freight charge, contributes measurably towards the running costs. The powerful machinery, situated aft, is a Japanese adaptation of the European Diesel

THE OIL TANKER SETS A PROBLEM

One of the Most Important Types of Trading Ship Afloat, and at the Same Time One of the Most Difficult to Design on an Economic Basis

DURING a period of remarkable improvement in practically every branch of commercial and naval architecture the growing use of oil and spirit for civil, naval, and military purposes makes the tanker one of the most important types of trading ship afloat. As a type she has existed for roughly for half a century, but the most rapid development has been during the last few years. The naval architects and engineers have given her the greatest attention, for the design is a very difficult one, and they have been helped in their striking success by the fact that the life of a tanker is shorter than that of any other type, so that it is possible for development to be more rapid.

Formerly, when oil was usually carried to be refined in the country of importation, tankers were as long lived as any other type, but nowadays the spirit is usually carried already refined and it has an extraordinarily corrosive action on the fabric of the ship, making it necessary to replace her, or at least her tank section, within a comparatively short period. This corrosion always starts round the rivet heads so that the latest idea, only being tried out at the present time, is to join the plates of the ship edge to edge by welding instead of letting them overlap and securing them by riveting.

This is the latest, and one of the most interesting, of many moves which have been made to solve the problems of strength and safety—problems which have been the more difficult on account of the inevitable shape of the tanker, with very much greater length in proportion to her beam than most other types.

Unfortunately, the economic problems still remain to be solved, although remarkable progress has been made. The great factor in the question is that the tanker's trade is essentially one way, so that the freights earned when the ship is loaded have to cover her running costs for an equal distance in ballast. Various efforts have been made to design a tanker in such a way that she can make money out of ordinary cargo on the return voyage but, with very few exceptions, they have been unsuccessful.

For safety of life, and also to prevent the contamination of the dry cargo, it is necessary to clean the tanks very thoroughly after every voyage with oil or spirit, and cleaning a tanker is a job which is both long and expensive. First steam has to be forced into the tanks in large quantities, and then there is a spell of intensive ventilation. When the tank is reckoned to be free of dangerous gases men are sent down with hoses attached to a hot water supply, and finally every foot of steel has to be carefully wiped clean by hand. It has to be done periodically for safety purposes, but the owners have learned not to do it more often than is necessary for the freights received for dry cargo carried in the oil spaces do not cover the expense involved.

The only means of carrying return cargo at a profit is to fit a special hold in addition to the tanks, and the space which can thus be spared is very limited. Profitable return cargoes are, therefore, only to be found among the commodities which bulk very small indeed and yet can stand a very high rate of freight. Silk and bullion are the only cargoes that meet the conditions; tankers are obviously far less suitable for the transport of bullion than the passenger liners, and the only return route on which silk travels is across the Pacific so that this trade has practically become a Japanese monopoly.

From the Japanese naval point of view this silk trade is one of the luckiest things that could possibly have happened. Like every other naval Power she has been forced by technical considerations to change over from coal to oil, although her authorities did not want to do so any more than those of any other country which does not produce its own oil. The transportation of fuel for naval purposes is therefore as important to Japan as it is to Britain, and generous State aid, coupled with the profits of the silk business, have permitted the Japanese to build the fastest tankers in the world. They are all motor-driven by Japanese adaptations of European diesels and they are moderate in size with a dead-weight capacity of about 12,000 to 14,000 tons, but they are designed to maintain a steady seventeen knots at sea, fully loaded.

Some of these ships have proved their ability to carry full cargoes of oil from the Californian fields to Yokohama in eleven days or even less. Were it not for the profits of the silk business, however, it is probable that the Japanese Government would have thought twice about the cost; even the wealthy United States have been considering the matter for a long time and have finally decided to encourage the construction of a number of eighteen-knot tankers as a valuable naval auxiliary in war time. The arrangement is that the owners shall be helped by a subsidy which is limited to the extra cost of obtaining and maintaining this speed over that of the ordinary commercial thirteen knots.

Thirteen knots is regarded as the economic limit for tankers which are to exist on their commercial work; except in Japan and the United States it is seldom exceeded by more than the fraction of a knot and on the other hand very few modern tankers are designed for much less. To find the economic speed many factors have to be considered—extra cargoes carried, greater safety in war time—pleasing clients and other obvious advantages having to be balanced against the higher first cost, higher running cost, and greater space demanded by machinery at the expense of profitable cargo. For this reason diesel engines have been almost universally adopted for European tankers, steam having been installed only in those designed for special purposes for some years past, but in America they have never taken very kindly to the deisel engine for ships which have to be run by American crews but have contrived some really remarkable results with steam.

In the latest tankers built for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey the geared turbines take steam at high pressure from water-tube boilers of the latest type which are so compact that, instead of taking up a lot of space forward of the engines, they are placed abaft them, in the extreme stern of the ship, and are lifted on platforms with the propeller shafts passing underneath them. This arrangement makes steam machinery quite as economical in space as diesel, while the danger of fire from the boilers coming into contact with the dangerous cargo is removed as far as possible.

Frank C. Bowen

SHIPPING IT GREEN: The 1,375-ton 'destroyer' *Crusader*, which was completed in 1932 and is now serving as a tender to the Home Fleet aircraft carriers travelling at speed. In common with all vessels of the A to I classes, which have been laid down since 1922 she is outstripped in armament by the new Tribal

SOME thirty years ago there arose, for the first time in a century, clear indications that Britain's supremacy at sea was to be challenged. In 1904 the Kaiser had already proclaimed himself "Admiral of the Atlantic," and the subsequent building programmes of the German navy left that country's real intentions beyond a doubt.

At that time the Royal Navy was firmly established upon a two-power basis. It was, in fact, greater than would be the combined fleets of any two other Powers. To keep it so in those ensuing pre-war years was to become a task only comparable with that of the present times of international anxiety.

Fortunately we had then at the Admiralty, as First Sea Lord, a man of far-seeing intelligence, great driving power, and dynamic energy—a man moreover who meant to get what he knew was wanted—Admiral Sir John Fisher.

He it was, above all others, who gave to the navy at one bound that great lead in warship design which was to stand Britain and her allies in such good stead during the great war of 1914–18, the coming of which he so clearly foresaw. Through his perception and energy, there were put into service, between the years 1906 and 1908, the first all big-gun, turbine driven Dreadnought battleships and battle cruisers—two years ahead of any other Power.

The story of the Dreadnought battleship and battle cruiser is known to us all. At the same time, and from the same source, there came a stride as great, perhaps greater, in the design of our destroyers — those small ships which counted little with the public, yet in whose hands was chiefly to lie the safety of this country.

Our first torpedo-boat destroyers, as then they were called—small craft of some 300 tons, the 27- and 30-knotters—came in the years 1895–1905. They were designed for work in coastal waters only. Between 1904 and 1906 there came the River class, thirty-four of them and of a much sturdier build. They were the first destroyers designed to work with the battle fleet, and so were given great radius of action.

REBIRTH OF THE TRIBALS

A Famous Class of Destroyers that did Yeoman Service in 1914–18 and has Given its Name to Sixteen New Ships of Britain's Modern and Rapidly Expanding Navy

These River class could steam some 2,000 miles. They displaced 550 tons, and with the raised forecastle of the modern destroyer could stand up to any weather; the *Dee* and the *Exe* survived the centre of a real typhoon in the China Sea. With their stouter frames and heavier plating, and still driven with coal fired boilers and reciprocating engines, they could however attain a speed of only 25 knots.

The introduction of Dreadnought battleships with speeds of 21 knots, and battle cruisers with speeds of 25 knots and more, made the design of a class of ocean-going destroyer an urgent necessity. At the same time therefore, in 1906-08, again some years ahead of any other Power, we laid down the famous Tribal class—*Afridi*, *Cossack*, *Ghurka*, *Mohawk*, *Tartar*, *Amazon*, *Saracen*, *Maori*, *Nubian*, *Viking*, and *Zulu*.

In these splendid ships the tonnage of the British destroyer was nearly doubled—her horse-power raised from 7,000 to 15,500 and her speed increased to 33 knots. They set the course, moreover, for that long line of successors carrying the 4-in. gun and 21-in. torpedo. The great war over, a nation-wide demand for economy caused the British Fleet to be reduced to but a fraction of its former strength. They and hundreds more—survivors of the finest destroyer fleet the world has seen—were towed away with rusty sides and deserted decks to the shipbreakers and sold for scrap, but their names went down to history: *Afridi*—blocking of Zeebrugge, St. George's Day, 1918. *Cossack*—victor of a destroyer action in the Dover Straits. *Ghurka*—sank *U8* in the Channel in 1915, and two years later found her own grave in a German minefield. *Mohawk* and *Maori*—both sunk by mine in the Dover Straits, 1915. *Tartar*—twice in battle with German destroyers, off Zeebrugge and Dover, 1916.

Most famous of all were the sisters *Nubian* and *Zulu*. In 1916, while in action with German destroyers, the former was torpedoed forward, and then the latter lost her stern through striking a mine. Thanks to sound design and British workmanship, neither foundered. The surviving halves of each were towed to the dockyard to be joined together—and thus there came to reinforce the hard pressed Dover patrol a new destroyer, H.M.S. *Zubian*, who survived to the end.

Of our destroyer fleet—Thirty Knotters, Rivers, Tribals, Beagles, Acorns, Lurchers, Acastas, and the war-time alphabetical classes from Ls to Ws—we still had 433 at the Armistice, sixty-seven being lost during the war. There survived as well ninety-four torpedo boats and sixty-two P and PC Patrol boats. Then came Peace, with the naval treaties and disarmament in which Britain sought to set an example to the world—and by 1922 all had been scrapped except the R, S, V, and W classes, some 190 vessels in all, of which but half were in commission.

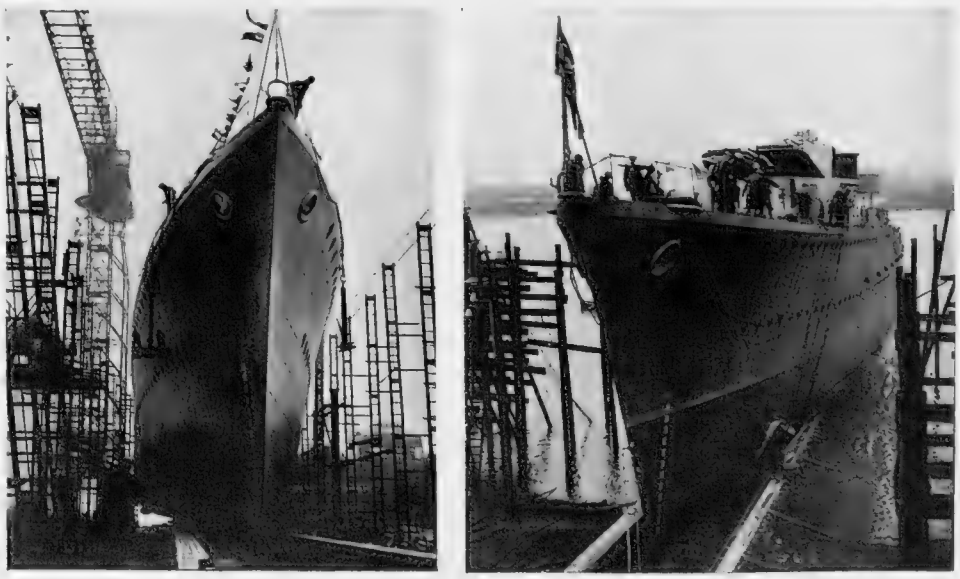
"EXMOUTH," "EXPRESS," AND "ESK": Three destroyers of the 5th Flotilla, Home Fleet, pictured on arrival in Portsmouth following a spell of emergency duty in the Mediterranean during the critical days of sanctions. Whereas they have only four 4.7 in. guns (five in the case of the flotilla leader) the new and efficient Tribal class which is now coming into being makes provision for no fewer than eight guns of the same calibre but of a vastly improved pattern. The Tribals are of 1,850 tons displacement as compared with the *Esk's* tonnage of 1,375

HER MAIDEN TRIP: The destroyer *Icarus*, built by Messrs. John Brown and Co., of Clydebank, sailing down the Clyde en route for Portsmouth where she was commissioned on May 3, 1937. *On left*—H.M.S. *Westminster*, which is now in the Reserve Fleet, Portsmouth, was regarded on completion under the emergency war programme as one of the most powerfully equipped destroyers among the world's great fleets

In the Vs and Ws we still had the finest destroyers in the world—ocean-going craft of 1,100 tons displacement, 34 knots speed, armed with four 4-in. guns (the later vessels of this class mounted four 4·7-in. guns) and eight 21-in. torpedo tubes. In the following years, however, expansion of our trade and then salvation from the world-wide economic blizzard—coupled with a belief that the threat of wars was over—alone were the prime thoughts of the Englishman's mind.

Except for two experimental craft laid down in 1924–25, the building of new destroyers to replace those war-worn veterans was not possible until 1928—and then in such small numbers as to make but little difference to our strength. Even in the years that followed, so little was the money voted, so many were the calls upon this class of craft in the strategical plans for the defence of our Empire, that speed and fighting power had to be sacrificed to numerical strength.

(*Continued on page* 198)



LAUNCHED ON THE SAME DAY: H.M.S. *Bedouin* (*left*) and H.M.S. *Nubian* (*above*), two of the sixteen new Tribal class destroyers, leaving their respective slipways on December 21 last year

AMSTERDAM FIGHTS NOISE

Her Police Test the Volume of Sound Made by Trams, Motor Horns, Garbage Bins, etc.

A NOISY BUSINESS: An Amsterdam official using a special recording apparatus to test the volume of sound made by the civic workers as they empty rubbish cans on their morning rounds. There are, it has been found, three or four bangs per bin, and registering in decibles the equivalent of the noise made by an iron-wheeled cart drawn over a stone pavement and as such a cause of strain on the nervous system. No wonder Amsterdam plans a clean up in its clean-up squad, to this end setting experts to work with the object of evolving a more silent system. *On right*—A policeman registering the noise made by braking cars

TICKING UP THE DECIBLES: An official using the newly perfected sound recorder to check up on the volume of noise made by the combination of cars and trams. The latter are particularly noisy and steps are being taken to render them more smooth running

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1: Recording the volume of sound made by a tram in one of Amsterdam's streets. It approaches about 90 decibles which, according to Dutch scientists investigating the noise problem, is 30 decibles above the figure at which nerve strain is engendered

NOISE prevention has become a major problem everywhere. In the words of the Dutch authorities, it has developed from an aesthetic into an economic and hygienic problem: one supposes that in this latter form it is deserving of more urgent attention than if it merely offended aesthetic senses. Anyway, many important European municipalities have come at last to the conclusion that noise prevention must be tackled with all the resources at the command of progressive civic communities. One hopes the official enthusiasm will last beyond the popular press campaigns that have brought it into being.

Some of the methods adopted are interesting. The city of Amsterdam, for example, has set about the evil in a manner which probably is worth the attention of other and greater cities. The Dutchman has a practical and mathematical mind. The mere prevention of noise in general is for him too vague. He must first know at what stage the noise becomes an insufferable noise.

A commission of scientists has therefore been formed with the object of deciding this point. The commission has evolved an instrument known as the *Geluidsmeter*, based, as far as I can gather, on the American "sonometer." This instrument measures sound with almost perfect accuracy, and is at present being used by the Amsterdam police with the object of testing the various city noises, from tinkling bells to clattering trams.

By

ROY ELSTON

The commission of scientists has decided that all noises registering more than 60 decibles on the sound-recorder are a danger to the nerves of the citizens. That being the case, practically all the normal street noises of the city of Amsterdam are public dangers. We learn, for example, that motor klaxons average round about 80 decibles, which, in spite of the scientists' decision, is regarded by the police as a permissible degree.

One surprising result of the test made by the Amsterdam police is that electric road-drills register less noise than do the majority of motor klaxons. Trams are among the worst offenders, frequently rising to the neighbourhood of 100 decibles. Efforts are therefore being made by the Amsterdam authorities to bring the volume of noise for which trams are responsible to a point at least below the 90 decible mark.

It is considered by very many Amsterdam authorities that the decible allowance is still too high, and it is probable that the permitted extent of sound will gradually be decreased, especially for all noises created by vehicles and other public services directly under the control of the municipality.

A first effort is to be made with the city garbage service which, it is found, registers an excessive number of decibles. Here is the record of the range of noises created during the emptying of rubbish bins into wagons drawn up alongside the pavement: (1) The rubbish-man grips the bin, drags it partly over the pavement and lifts it—62 decibles; (2) The bin is lifted and fitted to the aperture in the wagon—64 decibles; (3) The rubbish-man bangs the bin until it is emptied—steel against steel—three to four bangs per bin; three bins for every 10 metres; hundreds of bins per street. Each bang—85 decibles. (85 decibles equals the noise made by a normal train travelling at full speed); (4) The rubbish-bin is removed from the wagon. The lid of the aperture is banged to and the bin returned to the pavement—92 decibles. (92 decibles equals the noise made by an iron-wheeled wagon drawn over a stone pavement).

It will be seen, therefore, that the tests being made by the Amsterdam police are bringing home to those responsible the full extent of their noisy misdeeds. Amsterdam hopes to be able gradually to reduce the average of noise by something from ten to twenty decibles. That stage having been reached, it is expected that the degree of permissible noise will still further be lowered.

It is at least a practical effort to solve an urgent problem. The effort will be still more appreciated when the sound metre is brought to bear on my right neighbour's wireless, my left neighbour's vacuum-cleaner, and the 100 decibles or more of soprano from the lady on the floor above.

SPRING'S HARBINGER

Camera study by John Topham

A sturdy team on the harrow in a field at Bexley, Kent, where peas have just been sown for an early crop. A picture betokening the agricultural activity that starts into its stride with the New Year

LAMBING TIME

The shepherd watches over an "outcast" lamb as the ewe, with two others on her hands, refuses to feed it. These are anxious, busy days for the shepherd and the weather has been the reverse of helpful

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

GEMS OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART: The five loving cups of the Skinners' Company, one of which is now on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-century European Art. They are beautifully fashioned in the shape of long-spurred cocks standing on the backs of tortoises

LOVING CUPS *of the* SKINNERS' COMPANY

Treasured Possessions of One of the Great City Guilds

THESE five silver gilt loving cups, of unusual and beautiful design, the property of the Company of Skinners, are fashioned in the shape of long-spurred cocks standing on the backs of tortoises. They stand majestically upright, their attitude extraordinarily well adapted so that their use as cups does not suffer unduly from their design as birds.

Their feathers form an intricate and pleasing pattern, and those on the hackles and tails are of particularly fine workmanship. Each head removes at the neck. They stand some 16½ ins. in height and each weighs 72 ozs. The shape and design of the cups owe their inspiration to William Cokayne, who bequeathed the sum of £130 to the Skinners' Company in 1599.

An extract from his will reads. "Item, I will that fyve fayre cuppes of the valeue of sixe score and tenne pounds of good and lawful money of England of the forme and fashion of a cocke be provided and bought by my Executor with the advise of my overseers within as convenient tyme as may be next after my decease."

The loving cups, however, were not made for several years after the decease of their donor, some question arising as to whether it would be a good idea to wait for four years and add a further amount to the original sum. It is doubtful if this was ultimately agreed upon, but the cups bear the Hall mark of 1605 and perhaps were first used in 1606.

THE LID OF ONE OF THE LOVING CUPS in the form of a cock's head. A close-up showing the highly intricate nature of the workmanship

On eventual receipt of the cups, the Company covenanted with Cokayne's executors that they and their successors would henceforth use the gift cups on election days to be borne before the newly-appointed Master and Wardens. As by some miracle they escaped both the Cromwellian depression and the fire of London, they still survive unscathed to play a part in this annual function.

The Company of Skinners which ranks with that of the Merchant Taylors alternately sixth and seventh among the twelve great guilds of the City, was incorporated by Edward III in 1327: but though its earlier existence cannot be exactly dated, it is known that a trade organisation was in being long before that time. In a grant by Richard II, the men of that mystery were entitled to have a fraternity "to the honour of God and the Precious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ"; by one of Henry VI (1437) the craft and the fraternity were given the common name of "Guild or Fraternity of the Body of Christ of the Skinners of London"; and to this day the title is used and elections take place upon the Feast of Corpus Christi. The site on Dowgate Hill has been in the possession of the Company for centuries, but the present buildings were all erected just after the great fire or a little later.

AT ONCE A WEAPON AND A SYMBOL: This richly-carved wooden figure, used as a stand for holding the kris, an elaborate native dagger, comes from the island of Bali and has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The kris, which the figure is shown holding, was not merely a weapon but a symbol denoting the rank and authority of its owner

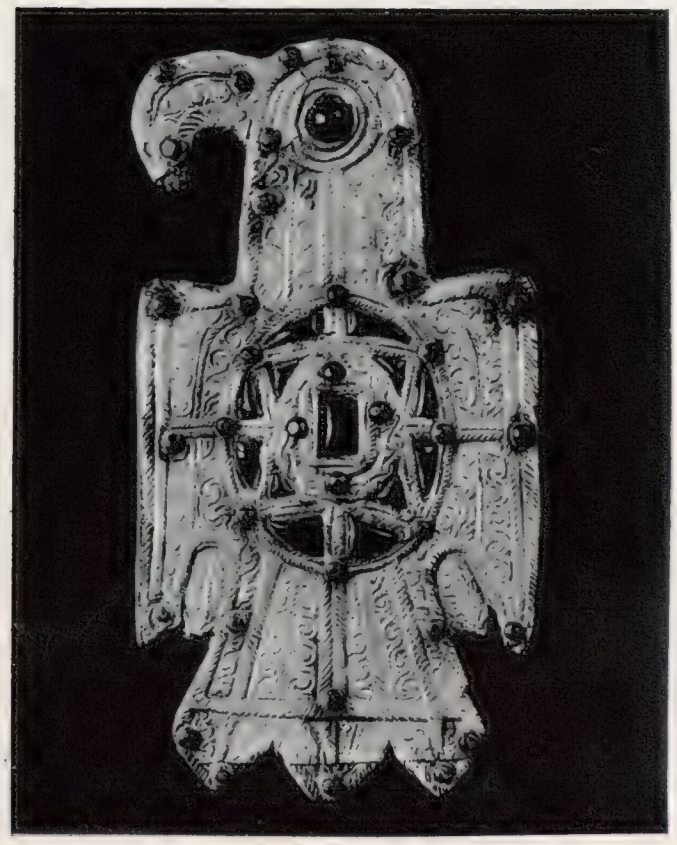
GEMS OF GREEK, BARBARIAN, AND ORIENTAL ART

New York and Athens Acquire Weapons of Rich Workmanship: Visigothic Fibula in a U.S. Exhibition

A TREASURE OF THE MYCENEAN AGE DISCOVERED: This golden handle of a sword, so richly wrought that it may well have belonged to a king or prince, has recently been brought to light in Greece

OF the treasures illustrated on this page particular interest attaches to the kris, this example of which comes from Bali, an island that is much in the forefront at the moment in view of Frau Vicki Baum's remarkable new novel. In ancient times three of these weapons were carried by every warrior who went into battle, one being a family heirloom, one a gift from his father-in-law on his marriage, and one he considered particularly his own. Apart from its importance as a weapon the kris touches intimately the traditions, history, religion, and customs of the East Indian peoples, and its use as a proxy for the bridegroom at a wedding ceremony has even been recorded. Another fine piece of work is the Mycenean golden sword handle which, it is understood, has been offered to Athens Achæological Museum by the Association of the Friends of the Museums. It is well over 3,000 years old.

The fibula or brooch illustrated on right evidences the beauty of barbarian goldsmiths' work which reached an astonishingly high standard in comparison with other products of Visigothic and Ostrogothic art. These people originally came from Asia where they acquired their taste for jewellery, and later improved their technique from the Greeks of the Cimmerian Bosphorus. The fact that such treasures have been found in widely scattered regions so much farther west is proof of the extensive range of barbarian migration.



On right—THE BEAUTY OF GOLD AND SILVER INLAY finds expression in this brooch of Visigothic origin (belonging to a period between the fifth and eighth centuries, A.D.) which was loaned by its owner to the Exhibition of the Art of the Dark Ages, held recently at Worcester, Massachusetts

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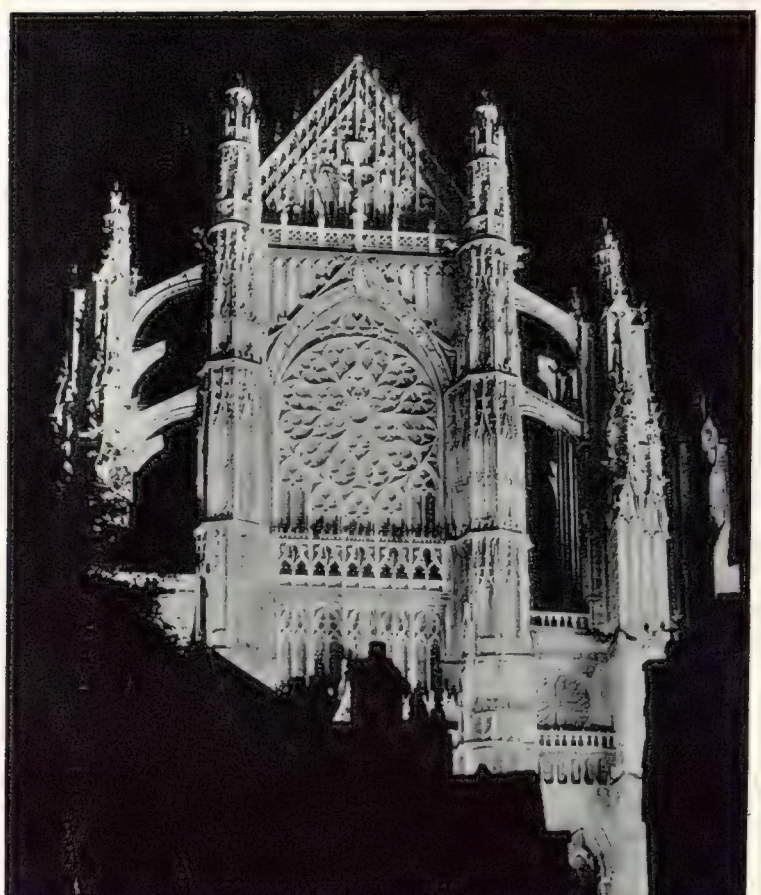
FLOODLIGHTING FRANCE'S

Simultaneous Illuminations that Emphasise

GOTHIC GLORY: The illuminated towers and rose-windowed west front of Ste. Croix, Orléans, one of the many French cathedrals which were recently illuminated simultaneously in a joint effort organised by the various electricity undertakings and the "Administration des Beaux-Arts"



On left—RICH TRACERY: The beautiful south transept of Beauvais Cathedral revealed in its detailed beauty by floodlight

RESTORED RHEIMS: The place of coronation of the French kings w

Through the enterprise of a Paris photographer, M. L. Borremans, this record has been made of the recent simultaneous flood-lighting of the great cathedrals of France—an event of deep interest to students and admirers of early ecclesiastical architecture by reason of the fact that such illuminations, if skilfully done, often reveal in detail beauties that are apt to lie half hidden in the light of day. Altogether some 482 national monuments and shrines were flood-lit at the same time, electricity undertakings in all parts of the country co-operating in this great national effort. The following notes describe some of the major features of the cathedrals illustrated.

THE Cathedral of Ste Croix, Orléans.—This fine cathedral is a very late one, being founded by Henri Quatre in 1601, and is an exact and very perfect copy of Gothic art, rather than an expression of the inspiration of the Middle Ages. The former cathedral had been destroyed during the Huguenot wars in 1567. The west front has three doorways, each having a ros window above it, but there is little in th way of the magnificence of sculptured detai of the earlier centuries. The two towers ar very light and elegant, and are surmounted o the third tier with a pillared coronet. Ever May the city celebrates the famous raising o the siege by Jeanne d'Arc, who drove off the English forces in 1429.

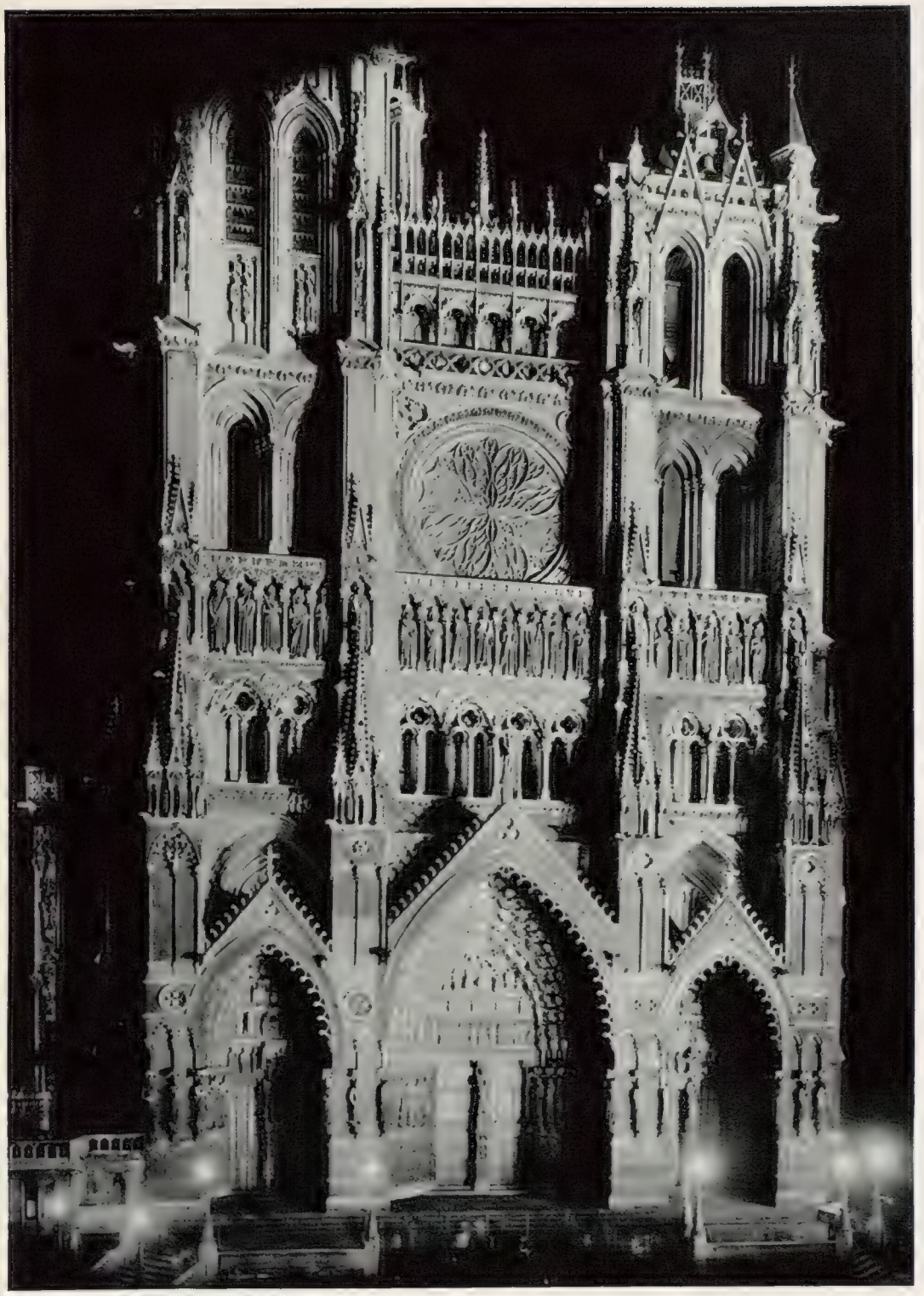
Beauvais Cathedral.—This is a noble fragment of what would have been the largest Gothic church in the world had the original ambitious plan been ever carried out. It was

H'S FAMED CATHEDRALS

ise Supreme Beauty of Her National Shrines

ls which suffered so cruelly in the war and has now been restored

begun in 1225 but three centuries later workmen were busy building the transepts and the nave was never even attempted. Various disasters happened to the structure owing, doubtless, to the over ambitious design. The vaulting of the choir fell in 1284, and the spire over the central crossing collapsed in 1537, probably due to lack of a nave to support the tower. But truncated as it is, Beauvais remains a gem of Gothic architecture, supporting the saying that the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the façade of Rheims, and the spire of Chartres would make the perfect cathedral.



IT ESCAPED THE FATE OF RHEIMS: Amiens Cathedral, which was saved in the nick of time from the German advance of March, 1918, presents a very impressive appearance when illuminated, the light and shade affording a strikingly fine contrast

The façade of the south transept shown in the photograph is as rich as many a west front. The open galleries, fine rose window, delicate tourelles acting as buttresses for the lofty vaulting make a superb presentation of flamboyant art.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims.—This coronation church of the French kings and the metropolitan See of France suffered cruelly under the bombardment of the Germans in 1917 when thousands of shells fell on the city. The Germans claimed that the towers of the cathedral were used for military observation (a claim which has always been denied) and did not spare the edifice which had been the pride of France. When they were driven back in 1918 the city was left a ruin, and the great masterpiece of Gothic architecture damaged irreparably. Though it has been most carefully restored much of the fine sculptured work was lost and nearly all the windows. Luckily the western façade was little injured, so that its grace and beauty retain all the handicraft of the original builders.

The splendour of this western front is almost bewildering in its wealth of sculptured detail. The triple portals are enriched by some 500 statues, while each recess has a rose window, and all the gables are richly decorated. Above the central rose

(Continued on page 198)

On right—THE CATHEDRAL WITHOUT TRANSEPTS: The west front at Mantes; a good example of twelfth-century architecture

THE HORSE-HEAD NEBULA: This remarkable celestial formation near the belt of Orion was photographed in a 3 hours exposure taken with the great 100-in. telescope of Mount Wilson in the United States. The illustration clearly shows a large tract of opaque gas outlined with a bright border against a glow of light that possibly emanates from stars hidden behind the dark nebula

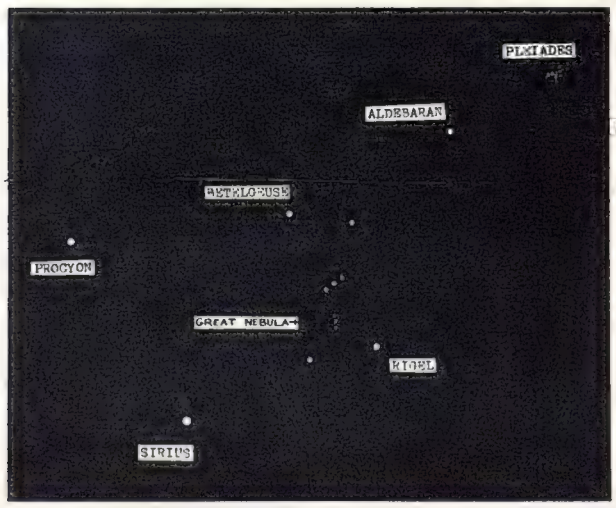
What to Look for Now

IN THE STARRY REALM OF OUR WINTER SKY

Phenomena Observable with the Naked Eye

THE BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER OF THE PLEIADES WATCHED BY MAN FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY: To the unaided eye six or seven stars are seen, but the number discernible is much increased with the use of a telescope. The "photographic eye" is alone able to record the nebula enveloping the cluster, which probably contains about 500 stars moving as one family "like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid"

OF the constellations visible from the British Isles during the winter months, none is more striking than the constellation of Orion and the outlying bright stars Sirius, Procyon, and Aldebaran preceded by the Pleiades. During the late evenings of January and early February, this assembly of stars is nearly due south and may easily be identified with the help of the accompanying chart. Below the three stars marking the belt of Orion is the great nebula which is one of the only two nebulae visible without a telescope. An adjacent photograph shows the details of this remarkable celestial cloud of glowing gas seen as it was nearly 600 years ago; for the light which recently impressed itself on the photographic plate in the telescope had been travelling with the speed of 186,000 miles a second for nearly 600 years before the intervening abyss of space had been crossed.



DURING THE LATE EVENINGS OF WINTER these bright stars can be seen nearly due south. Below the three stars marking the belt of Orion is the great nebula which is observable with the naked eye on clear nights. A large telescope designed for photographic work is required, however, to record the details of the nebula's structure as shown in the picture on right

The bright stars, Rigel, Betelgeuse, and Sirius are each of especial interest as differing samples of our mysterious universe. Rigel, although apparently to the eye not so bright as Sirius, is actually one of the most brilliant stars known; but then Rigel is sixty times farther away from us than is Sirius. Betelgeuse, yellowish-red in colour, is one of the largest stars known. It might truly be termed a celestial bubble, for its average density is only one-thousandth that of air at sea level. Sirius, in contrast, has a small companion star whose material is so compressed beyond all our terrestrial experiences that a match box full of its substance would weigh about 2 tons. From these strange stars we turn to the airy nothingness of the vast cloud of gas composing the great Orion nebula.

1888 —a momentous year for mankind! It saw the introduction of the first practicable pneumatic tyre invented and made by John Boyd Dunlop - an invention destined to change the ways of man more radically than anything since he rolled his first wheel. Think how the Dunlop Tyre gave us speed with comfort, made the motor-car possible, eased labour on the land. It is no vain claim that much - very much - of man's progress these past fifty years is due to DUNLOP TYRES - *of course, they are on your car*

1888 1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

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Enjoy Wills's Gold Flake
The Cigarette with Personality

JANUARY BRIDES *and their* ATTENDANTS

YOUTH LEADS THE WAY: Such was their enthusiasm two of the young bridal attendants got rather ahead of the bride and groom when Captain William Lloyd, of The Royals, and Miss Diana Brassey, left St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding

FIVE GIRLS AND FIVE BOYS, most of whom are seen here, attended Miss Diana Brassey at her wedding at St. Margaret's to Captain Humphrey William LLoyd. The little girls looked charming in long Empire frocks of white satin with short puff sleeves, and the boys wore long trousers of red velvet with tucked shirts of white satin

THE CHARM OF WHITE LACE: Lady Patricia Mackay, elder daughter of the Earl of Inchcape, wore a most elaborately lovely gown for her marriage to Mr. Hugh Washington Hibbert, The Queen's Bays, at Brompton Oratory. It was embroidered with gold sequins, mother of pearl paillettes, and small pearls. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies and gold-tinted orchids

THE TWO DIANAS: Miss Diana Mills and Miss Diana Caldwell also wore lace when they acted as bridesmaids at Lady Patricia Mackay's wedding to Mr. Hugh Washington Hibbert. A large gathering of notabilities attended the Oratory, and a reception was held afterwards at Claridge's. The honeymoon is being spent in Switzerland

Below—

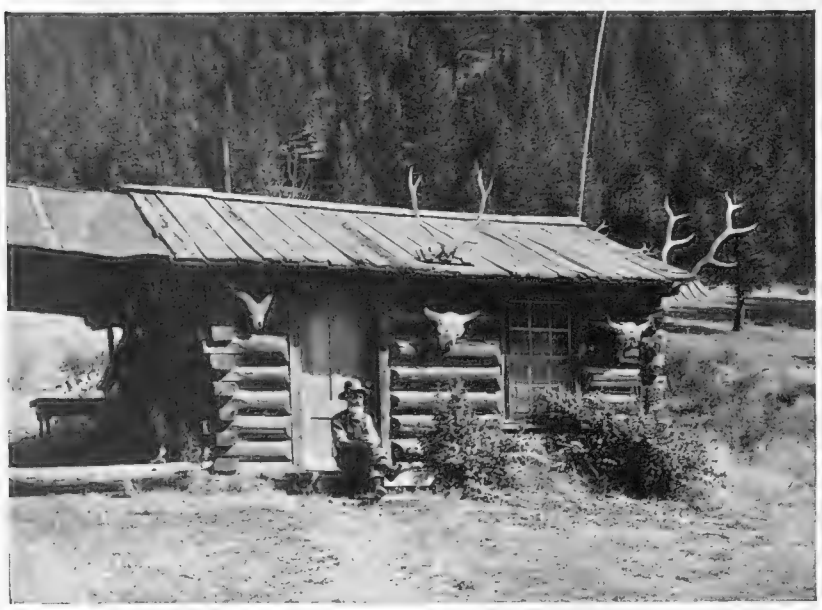
ANOTHER JANUARY WEDDING: Mr. Colin Forbes and Miss Barbara Shaw leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their marriage a few days ago

MONTANA—STILL THE HEART OF THE WEST

But It is Not Quite So Wild and Woolly as of Yore

DEATH ON THE TRAIL: The sheepdog barks furiously as he comes across a great skull in the Montana prairie. The pastoral life of this State has not changed in essentials with the passage of the years and, as the author of the accompanying article points out, the atmosphere of the old wild west still lingers there

BUFFALO ONCE RANGED THROUGHOUT MONTANA, and even to-day they are still to be found in their preserve on the Flathead Indian reservation. The existing herd is the largest in the world and thanks to good management maintains its numbers



THE BEWHISKERED PROSPECTOR AND HIS LOG CABIN are not things of the past in "the third State" as many would have us believe. Men still dream dreams and see visions of sudden wealth as they search for the "bonanza" which "is always over the next ridge." Some of the old-timers have astonishing stories to tell, but it is no easy matter to tempt them out of their habitual silent reserve

COWBOYS HAVE NO MODERN SUBSTITUTE, and in Montana one often sees such picturesque sights as this as the men saddle up for the day's round-up work

A NETWORK OF FINE, ARTERIAL HIGHWAYS CRISS-CROSSES MONTANA, winding from the plains up to the white peaks of the continental divide in a display of unbelievable engineering skill. Some of them follow trails made by old timers

LAND of the Shining Mountains. Treasure State. These are names applied to this, the third largest State in the union of forty-eight. Although comparatively young as a State, Montana has a history filled with legend, tradition, and action.

The desire for beaver pelts or "plews" was the bait which lured the first white men to this western wilderness. These early trappers or "mountain men" penetrated deep into the Rocky Mountains, braving hardships and hostile Indians for the animal whose hide meant ready cash in those days. Within a few years beaver grew scarce. This scarcity, coupled with the introduction of substitutes such as fur-seal or rabbit, put the fur trade on the rocks.

Then followed the "roaring sixties"—time of the wild and woolly west. Rich grass land was discovered in Montana and soon long straggling herds of long-horn cattle began winding up the trail from Texas, bound for the northern ranges. With them came the cowboys, those figures of the west so much romanticised by fact and fiction.

People are apt to go to extremes when speaking about the west. Some maintain that it is rough, dangerous, uncouth—a place where one constantly fears for one's life. Others would have you believe that the cowboy and open range are gone with the buffalo. Neither of these statements is true. I am a native of Montana and should know.

The cowboy will exist as long as there are cattle to care for. Thousands of acres are in use to-day by big cattle outfits who run their "spreads" as their grandfathers did before them. There are still the spring and fall round-ups.

There are still cow-ponies, branding irons, bunk houses, corrals—all the things which go with the cowboy life. During summer months the wild west lives again embodied in the rodeo or wild west show, contests of skill and courage with men pitted against men and both against animals. However, the day of the gunman is over. Shooting scrapes are few and far between. John Law is now the peacemaker, not Judge Colt.

Nowadays the Indians are confined on reservations, huge tracts of land granted by the Government. There are seven of these reservations in Montana.

Bewhiskered prospectors still comb the hills searching for the "bonanza" which is always just over the ridge. They live in little old log cabins and tell some marvellous tales if properly persuaded.

The country is overrun with game. Buffalo range on their native hills in the preserve on the Flathead Indian reservation. Here may be found the largest herd of buffalo in the world to-day. Mountain lion, grizzly bear, timber wolf, elk, deer, antelope, grouse, pheasant, and rabbit may be seen if one is watchful. The Madison river is world-famous as a trout stream.

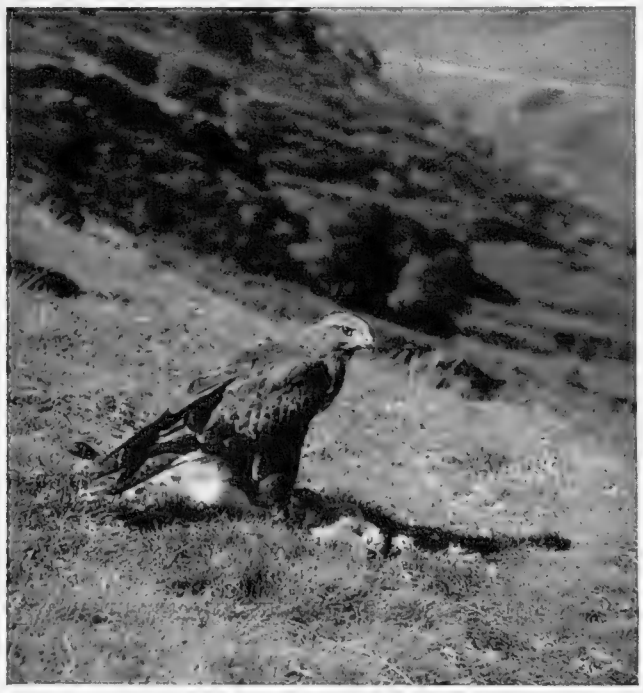
Modern times have left marks upon the west. A network of fine, arterial highways criss-crosses Montana, winding from the plains up to the white peaks of the continental divide in a display of unbelievable engineering skill.

Visitors, encouraged to come west by these highways, find themselves changing to suit Montana rather than changing Montana to suit themselves. These visitors see in Montana the west as it has been—as it always will be. A country of such vastness, of such beauty, must remain forever unspoiled—a land of Shining Mountains.

Bob Fletcher

SCOTLAND'S WINTRY MAJESTY

Looking up Glen Nevis to towering, snow-clad An Gearanach, which at this time of year presents a grand and impressive appearance—almost Himalayan in aspect. This peak is only one of many in the Ben Nevis chain



On right—
Hugh Wagstaff took this dramatic camera-study of a buzzard at bait, which, it has been announced, has won first prize in the bird section in the Wild Life Photography Class at the British Sporting Exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington

THE BUZZARD AND THE BAIT

PERSONALITIES AT SADLER'S WELLS: Roderick Lloyd (*left*) as Mephistopheles in *Faust* and Sumner Austin (*right*) as Beckmesser in *Die Meistersingers*, both of which have been revived and well received this season

DRAMA

Over Elaboration Spoils a Promising Play at the Phoenix: Nerina Shute Serves Up Some Hilarious Nonsense at the "Q"

By PHILIP PAGE

PLAYS based upon a magical melody which is supposed to make everyone happy or set them dancing are fairly plentiful. There has even been an opera, *Schwanda*, which was heard at Covent Garden a few seasons ago and now seems to have vanished into the *Ewigkeit* (a pity, for it was a charming and tuneful work).

The magical melody in *The Melody that Got Lost* is not so important musically as that of *Schwanda*, though it is quite a pretty little tune in its way. But it had an importance out of all proportion in the existence of a suburban clerk and his comely young wife, since when it was with them life was all roses and when it was not life was all thorns. With that music jingling, they adored each other and indulged in the happy-family occupation of what Mr. Bernard Shaw once called "stewing in love."

Without its jingling they were materially bored, romance flew out of the window, and all was drab and dreadful. Why and how they lost it, and why or how it came back again, the combined forces of the Danish author (M. Kield Abell), those who had made the original English version (Mr. Ronald Adam and Miss Frances Sinclair), and the authors of a new version of that version (Miss Katherine North and Mr. Dennis Freeman) failed to make clear. For this play as now presented at the Phoenix Theatre is a bit of a muddle. The idea is a good one but, like the melody, it seems to have got lost.

Over-elaboration is one reason for the disappointment. The opening scenes were more than promising. Here was a musical comedy quite unlike any other musical comedy. Music, furnished by a whole platoon of composers, with some really bright and interesting stuff by Miss Nancy Logan and Mr. Dennis Van Thal, was a piquant accompaniment to some amusingly ballet-fied scenes in a City office and in Suburbia. Piquant, too, was the scenery, and there were some witty lines. The whole of the first part, in fact, is a most acceptable entertainment "on a new and original plan," and if the four version-makers, the six composers, and the great Dane had been able to keep it up, traffic congestion in that part of the Charing Cross Road about 8.30 p.m. would be likely to be serious for many moons.

Unfortunately they couldn't—or didn't. The second part developed into a rather melancholy Danish revue, the play disappearing beneath a flood of irrelevant episodes, in which a B.B.C. burlesque figured prominently, B.B.C.-ish humour being the prevalent flavour throughout. The point of the "Death" incident, of Mr. Bruce Winston as a prison warder (I think) with a North Country accent, of Miss Viola Tree clowning it as Brunnhilde and as a classically draped figure sung at by some arty-crafty madrigal singers, and of Miss Dorothy Hyson dragging a long rope as the show dragged its slow length to the final curtain, completely eluded me. Adequate production would have speeded this up or cut it down or cut out Part 2 altogether and substituted for it anything less tediously precious.

Of adequate production signs were all too few. Yet for Part 1 we should be grateful. Here Miss Hyson, with less embarrassing material, made a delicious little suburban wife and showed a very pretty pathos, and Mr. Esmond Knight, displaying faun-like leaps and poetic ecstasy when melodically inspired, was as convincing as he was permitted to be as her suburban husband. Brilliantly and suburbanly funny were Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. Christopher Steele who demonstrated what married life can amount to, melodies or no melodies.

"The Prodigal Mother"—Since Miss Nerina Shute obviously intended her play (produced last week at the "Q" Theatre), *The Prodigal Mother*, to be nothing more than hilarious nonsense, it seems to be waste of time to try to find any other qualities in it. They exist, however. Miss Shute knows how to build up a farcical scene, to achieve a cumulative effect, and also—an important point—a good "curtain." What is more, her characters are real people. But it is frivolity which really matters and the gift displayed here for dialogue which is witty, rather more often just amusingly ridiculous, and still more often both witty and ridiculous is remarkable.

The test was the very real one of the amount of laughter registered in the audience. This was prodigious. If it was possibly loudest when a hen appeared on the stage in a portable coop or when reference was made to the bathroom (when it was patent that reference was *not* being made to the bathroom), it was to the taste of the majority, who enjoyed themselves vastly without troubling about the unimportant minority who find fun neither in poultry nor in plumbing.

This very diverting little play is none the worse for being about almost nothing at all. A harum-scarum flipperty-gibbet of a woman, with several ex-husbands and such overwhelming sex appeal (we are led to suppose) that strangers molest her in railway carriages as a matter of course, descends on the flat of her daughter, upsets it and her, makes the ex-husband who is the girl's father fall in love with her again and, after exasperating everyone else round her to the verge of murder, elopes with him.

Miss Shute has skilfully bridged over the difficulty of making a character who is a perfect pest sufficiently tolerable and even, up to a point, amusing. This "prodigal mother" is selfish, silly, a born liar, and an infernal chatterbox.

I did not want to clamber on to the stage, carry her off, and drop her over Kew Bridge for a myriad reasons, only one of them being that the authoress and Miss Ellen Pollock, who acted with tremendous comic verve, had put flesh and blood into her. Miss Pollock's contribution to the evening's success was overwhelming—which may or may not be *le mot juste*. Yet I venture to think the casting unwise, and that, well though Miss Pollock played the part, an actress with a different type of personality (and, possibly, a quarter of her brains) would have been more suitable.

Miss Nancy O'Neill was charming as the prodigal's daughter—mighty pretty in her tantrums; and Miss Mignon O'Doherty was immense as a fox-hunting she-dragon in a habit in which she might have ridden straight from Melton Mowbray—or the old Criterion Theatre.

"Mourning Becomes Electra."—Mr. Eugene O'Neill's vast drama, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, is a heavy feast; but, save for those who can absorb only milk-like stuff when they get inside the walls of a theatre, not by any means an indigestible one. The author set out, perhaps, to prove a lot of things — or nothing. His play has proved once more the utter impossibility of theorising about the taste of London audiences, what they like or don't like, what type of play will pay its way and what will not.

This grey, relentless story, without a smile in it from beginning to end (and the end is a devil of a distance from the beginning, for it starts at 7 p.m.) drew full houses for week after week at the Westminster Theatre and has now been removed to the New, a more central spot, where, with a few changes of cast, it seems destined to enjoy a long run and to flummox still further those who attempt to distinguish between the so-called commercial and the non-commercial theatre. It also proves that Aeschylus in modern dress is more profitable than Shakespeare in modern dress. And more profitable, too, than Aeschylus in ancient dress; for a recent revival of *Oedipus Rex* hardly received the support it deserved, in spite of a cast headed by that superb actor, Sir John Martin Harvey.

The transmogrification of the Oresteian trilogy into a parallel story of America in the days of the Civil War was a plucky experiment, particularly as the "sequel" is even more gloomy than its classical prototype. I doubt, on second thoughts, whether pluck entered into it, for it is probable that Mr. O'Neill did not care a dollar or a drachma whether his experiment failed or succeeded. Aeschylus at least allowed a happy ending, if pious expiation can be considered a happy ending. O'Neill is far more remorseless and not even that doubtful relief is conceded.

Added to this, his Electra, though given the pleasantly domesticated and mid-Victorian name of Lavinia, is an infinitely more terrifying person than the original. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, so far from toning down the terror, seems to enhance it, which she is fully entitled to do. This is a magnificent performance.

Mr. William Devlin now plays Seth Beckwith. He is a brilliant young actor. Any actor who—as he did—

"TOVARICH" COMES TO THE SCREEN: The play that delighted London for so long has been made into a film by Warner Brothers, and was presented last week at the Tivoli. *Above*—The *ci-devant* Grand Duchess Tatiana (played by Claudette Colbert), who has taken the job of a servant in the Paris house of the Duponts, is recognised by one of M. Dupont's guests. *On left*—The Grand Duchess and Prince Mihail (Charles Boyer) break the news to cook that they have got the sack

D'OYLY CARTE FAVOURITES IN LONDON

New Pictures of Some of the Leading Gilbert and Sullivan Players

NANKI-POO AND THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL: John Dudley, the new tenor, with Kathleen Nayler, Brenda Bennett, and Marjorie Eyre in *The Mikado* which the D'Oyly Carte Company, now engaged in a London season, will be presenting at the Golders Green Hippodrome on February 2, 7, and 12, and at the Streatham Hill Theatre on February 14, 16, 24, and 26. The pictures on this page of leading members of the cast in their characters in the operas have only just been taken

THE WOOING OF CASILDA: John Dean (Luiz) and Margery Abbott in *The Gondoliers* which, like *The Mikado*, remains a very strong favourite

can play King Lear and come off with flying colours (if one can be permitted to associate King Lear with flying colours) can play almost anything successfully.

"Hugh the Drover."—One of the wisest and most commendable moves of the Sadler's Wells management has been the revival of Dr. Vaughan Williams' opera, *Hugh the Drover*. This was first given, I believe, shortly before the war at His Majesty's, and is one of the very few grand operas by a British composer which has held the stage.

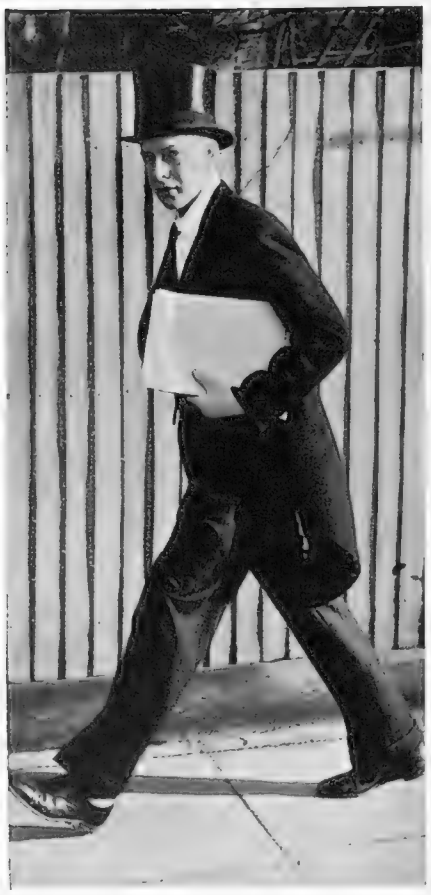
Quite an astonishing number of grand operas have been written by grand, and not so grand, British composers. They are nearly all of them dead as mutton. Sir Edward Elgar never attempted this medium; he knew his true *métier*. But Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederic Cowen, Goring Thomas, and many others dashed in, and their operatic works are gone as the snows of yester-year. Even Arthur Sullivan failed when he grew operatically serious.

Hugh the Drover has lived twenty years and will, I think, continue to live. It has a good story, which unfolds itself dramatically; it has, in addition to perfect musicianship, plenty of fine tunes; and it breathes the very spirit of the English countryside.

CONTRALTO AND TENOR: Evelyn Gardiner (*left*) whose fine contralto voice has brought her great popularity with Gilbert and Sullivan audiences. *Right*—Eric Palmer as Lord Tolloler in *Iolanthe*. *Below*—A CANADIAN SAVOYARD: Brenda Bennett makes a charming Yum Yum in *The Mikado*

"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO!" Sydney Granville has delighted playgoers in this part in *Trial by Jury* for a long while now

PLAYING THE TITLE ROLE IN "PATIENCE": Ann Drummond-Grant, (an Edinburgh girl) looks charming in her milkmaid's dress



ETON WENT BACK TO WORK LAST WEEK and among the new boys were several well-knowns, including the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (left), younger son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, who joins his elder brother, Lord Lascelles. *Right*—Lord Balgonie and his twin brother, George David Leslie-Melville, sons of the Earl of Leven, being shown round on the first day. Their likeness to each other is full of dramatic possibilities

IT'S A GIRL: Sir Charles Higham, one of Britain's leaders in the realm of advertising, with his infant daughter after her christening at the Savoy Chapel

What Other People are Doing

SHOW PEOPLE COME TO TOWN: Mr. James Harker (*left*), of Middlesbrough, who has been a showman for forty-five years, and Mrs. Violet Bartram (*right*), who hails from South Wales, were among the many interesting personalities at the annual public meeting of the Showmen's Guild held last week at Caxton Hall, Westminster, with Mr. Bertram Mills, of Olympia circus fame, in the chair. Delegates from every corner of Britain attended

STARS OF THE TABLE TENNIS FIRMAMENT: The members of the United States team at Waterloo Station on arrival in London in readiness for the World Championships which started at the Albert Hall this week. Their kind of game is a far more active affair than one might imagine, demanding incredible speed of hand and eye

CHAMPION AND RUNNER-UP: Miss I. Roe (left) and Miss B. Bulteel were first and second in the ladies section of the British Ski Championship at Mürren

FORECAST FOR SPRING

Triumph of Needlework Over Sensationalism

SPRING fashions always seem more significant than those that come in at any other time of the year, if only because everybody has grown so tired of heavy winter coats that even the least clothes-conscious women turn with a sigh of relief to anything that is new and fresh and colourful. They do it as naturally as flowers lift their faces to the sun.

It is early days yet to talk authoritatively about new lines, for the spring collections in Paris will only be shewn at the beginning of next month, but there are some things about which one can be certain, for fashion is never entirely accidental or illogical.

Let us begin by talking of suits, since the first warm days will make them indispensable. There will be a general tendency to make jackets just a little longer, so that one is impressed by the close moulded line from waist to hip. The rather high neckline is sure to remain, but there will be a greater number than usual of jackets that have long slender revers running down to the waist. That means link buttons and accent on blouses.

Skirts mostly slender and plain, with perhaps a few pleated from a smooth hip-line; jackets very often in a contrasting fabric, with stripes predominating. Quite a lot of hip-length and three-quarter length box coats, a spate of breast-length boleros, and a feeling for three-colour schemes blended with great brilliancy.

Blouses next, since they will be responsible for a very significant change in silhouette. Mostly they will contrast in colour with the suit they accompany, for the idea is to stress as strongly as possible the blouse-and-skirt feeling. They will reach well down on the hips and be either moulded as closely as a jersey or draped with infinite skill. Many of them will deserve to rank as works of art on account of the fine needlework they display. Dresses too will show this jumper line, with coloured bands and encrustations definitely linking up the contrasting jumper with the skirt.

Coats are likely to be full of movement. Some will have back fulness falling unchecked from the shoulder blades; others will flare gently from a moulded waist. For travelling and country wear we shall see absolutely straight full length box coats, and for town wear closely-waisted coats open down the front over flower tinted frocks. Mostly, coats will be worn with lighter toned dresses which pick up somewhere the coat colour or repeat the coat trimming.

The Empire line is likely to be increasingly popular in the evening, and full advantage will be taken of the opportunity which their formal simplicity provides for elaborate embroideries. In direct contrast to this high-waisted silhouette will be the dresses that cling to the figure as far as the hips, which will be emphasised by sash draperies, by spiral frills, and by full skirts gathered into the hip line. The picture frock, often in sophisticated stripes, will continue because it lends itself so perfectly to summer evenings.

For the rest, intricate tucking and draperies on afternoon frocks, much bead embroidery at night, braid or coarse wool embroidery on day suits, elaborately transparent bodices on formal day dresses, very flat hats, and quite a few hats with fitted crowns and dashing Breton brims.

Paquin's exquisitely worked black velvet dress with a white foundation showing through the open-work panels. The long gloves are similarly decorated, and the three bracelets are by Van Cleef & Arpels

Like a very delicate coat-of-mail, this dinner dress is knitted in pale blue and gold. A long corded girdle marks the waistline, and the tiny cap has padded rouleaux in a ridge across the back

Azure and Gold

Detailed Simplicity

Breast-length boleros are important. Bruyere embroiders this one with square gold sequins, similarly beading the dress

Another knitted dinner dress, perfectly moulded to the figure. This is made in black, with a wide belt appliqued in gold

BALI AND AMERICAN PIONEERING PROVIDE HISTORICAL NOVEL THEMES

Vicki Baum and Kenneth Roberts Offer Engrossing Fare in Their New Books: Two Potential Best-Sellers

BY VERNON FANE

THERE was a book called *Novel on Yellow Paper* which had a big success among what Mr. Wyndham Lewis (D. B.) called the booksy boys and girls, although what the subscribers to Boots' Circulating Library thought of it I cannot imagine.

Borrowing from the vocabularies of Messrs. Hemingway and dos Passos and having a high old time with the language (several languages) after the manner of Gertrude Stein, Miss Stevie Smith succeeded in producing an original kind of book which was decidedly entertaining, if one was able to stick to it.

OVER THE FRONTIER (Cape. 7s. 6d.) continues the mixture as before: "And enjoying and turning upon myself in my great disturbance à l'égard de cet ineffable Freddy, I am thinking, Now my whole life is about to end, and everything is penultimate, and all these days are penultimate, and so now what is left of my life shall be a voyage autour de ma chambre."

So. Look at Stevie Smith. Stevie certainly is the clever girl. Why she certainly has a funny angle on life. Calls herself Pompey or Miss Casmilus if you like, that is the name of a great devil that laid waste the hearts of the people of Carthage before ever the Romans came . . . that never by an oversight got into the mind of Milton when he went to setting up aloft in hell so many of the great devils of antiquity. But when you have read what Stevie says you have all the time the feeling that Stevie knows a lot, and Stevie is clever, and Stevie's books are *gemütlich*, and Stevie knows about Proust as well as Racine and has been to the movies in between reading Professor Gilbert Murray.

All of which, for me, requires a hot rock, a lazy sea, and a bottle of Vouvray cooling in a pool. And where can you find such things in January, except at the end of a long cruise, which is no good to a sharer of the views of Dr. Johnson.

Well, the first of the year's thumb-achers is upon us. Seven hundred odd pages of Mr. Kenneth Roberts' **NORTHWEST PASSAGE** (Collins. 9s. 6d.) rich, naturally, with the history of North America. But perhaps we had better be respectful since we know that it has set up a best-selling record in the U.S.A., outstripping *Gone With the Wind* and *Anthony Adverse* in the first three weeks of publication, and has been chosen by the Book Society.

If ever there was a British best-seller born ready-made and neatly jacketed this is it. "It is an epic of pioneer days in America in the eighteenth century when the French were using the Indians to help them gain control of North America, with the English still an unknown quantity on the margin of America's early history. It is a tale of super-human endurance and achievement . . . . the book glorifies the spirit of adventure that is in all of us, and contains in addition all the qualities of romance and humour and excitement which are the attributes of the certain best-seller."

Nobody could say fairer than that.

I have a quarrel with Frau Vicki Baum over her newest novel, in that I do not believe the Dutch conquest of Bali was initiated or pursued as a result of a series of, in the main, bureaucratic blunders. That the Balinese character is perfectly capable of lending itself to a wholesale sacrifice I can and must believe since history has shown so many instances of it, of fantastic bravery akin to complete disregard of self.

But still I should like to think that when the Dutch went out against these people they were actuated by something, if not more ethical, at least more practical than the motives which they are assigned in this case. Colonisation is what it is; often it is a little difficult to distinguish it from highly organised brigandage, but at least it should not be accidental.

Having delivered myself of all that, which the reader of **A TALE FROM BALI** (Bles. 8s. 6d.) will find is not entirely a side issue, I will proceed with some zest to a discussion of the story itself, and with all the more pleasure since, after one or two oddly disappointing books, which were good enough, but not in Frau Vicki Baum's way, she has really produced a book worthy to stand beside *Grand Hotel*.

In subject matter and treatment and *locale* and style it has nothing whatever in common with that favourite best-seller. It is a development in every way of her former powers as a writer, and although it is not entirely successful, it is an interesting, and even stimulating experiment. Certainly it should be read, whatever one's views about the Dutch East Indies.

IN THE STEPS OF THE PHARAOHS: H. V. Morton, the noted journalist and travel writer, with the Abbot of a Coptic monastery during his recent visit to Egypt where he has been gaining material for a new book which is first to appear in serial form in the *Daily Herald*, starting on February 1

Before the coming of the Dutch the island of Bali existed in a kind of idyllic peace which does not seem to have been unduly upset by leprosy, earthquakes, or the occasional incidence of murder. The radja ruled equably and not too tyrannically, and the prettiest girls of the district considered it an honour to be chosen for his *puri*. Family life was patriarchal, easy, and affectionate, and money, though held in moderate respect, was not the measuring stick of that pastoral community.

With the shipwrecking of a Chinese merchantman on their shores, the trouble began. Most of the sailors were saved, but the cargo was spoiled, and a nightwatchman, appointed to prevent looting, went to sleep and woke up the proud possessor of a china dinner service.

From this point, for the Chinese demanded compensation on an increasingly ambitious scale, the peace of the island was doomed, and the bombardment of the radja's palace, and the wholesale suicide of the people, men, women, and children, was only a few months away.

The day of that massacre, to which the women went with flowers in their hair, and the men with their most beautiful clothes, is the climax of the book, and magnificently described. Even without the enchanting scenes of domestic life that Frau Baum gives us with so much feeling, for reality and at the same time for real sentiment those closing pages would be worth reading alone.

I don't know what the next step will be, but it is the most pleasant kind of surprise to find an established and widely popular author striking out in a fresh direction in this way and, in nearly every respect, making a success of it.

At the end of the second chapter of Mr. Claude Houghton's new novel the hero begins, slowly and deliberately, to undress the heroine while she stands "gazing at the floor, yielding to the least of his movements."

More than 300 pages later he is undressing her again and this time with her eyes closed she stands "yielding to the least of his movements."

In the meantime our hero has not been idle. He has conducted a very enjoyable affair with this girl of nineteen, saved his son's life, and pacified his wife when she began to worry about the financial situation. (Up to that time it was her only worry.) He has also, with his amazing and quite unexplained flair, made a good deal of money in his business, so that by and large his year has been fraught with interest.

Being, however, a man of extremely complex character, the hero of **STRANGERS** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is dissatisfied with his life, and though he has a chameleon-like propensity for suiting himself to his company, he decides that he must come to terms with himself.

This book proved a real disappointment and I shall refrain from further comment, until the author of *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* comes out of his disguise and writes the kind of book that I and his many fans expect from him.

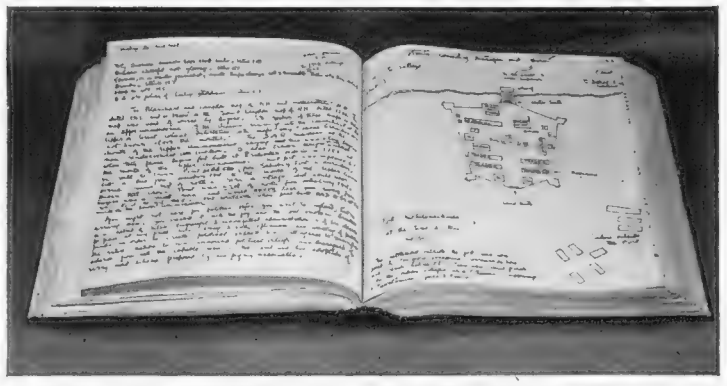
As far as I know Miss Rumer Godden has only written one book before **THE LADY AND THE UNICORN** (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.), and that was a charming little story about China and a rich young man, and England and a beautiful Pekingese dog. It was slight, it was not of world-shaking, topical importance, and it was entirely delightful.

Her new book keeps the same high standard of sensitive writing and has an imaginative quality that is a long way this side of whimsy. This time Miss Godden writes about Calcutta, but not a Calcutta familiar to novel-readers, and possibly not even familiar to many of its European inhabitants. The world of her characters is, with one or two exceptions, a half-caste world and its motives, its emotions, and its logic are as foreign to the conventional English society of such a town as can well be imagined.

In one of the lovely old town houses, dating from the days of crinolines and John Company, lived a motley assortment of people under the doubtful landlordship of Mr. de Souza of the dark eyes, flashing zircon ring, and innumerable children. There was a Japanese gentleman who taught jiu-jitsu and had strange Japanese ladies to visit him at night; Mr. Mascarene and his wife and his ailing baby, who perpetually had a band practising in their partitioned room; the Bartons who kept themselves to themselves and had an uninteresting little daughter called Desirée; and the Lemarchants, with whom the story is chiefly concerned.

The Lemarchants are as real, though not so ordinary a family as I have ever found in fiction. The girls had no mother, a dissolute father, and a fat, well-meaning aunt who had once, and briefly, married a "German from Germany." Rosa and Belle, the twins, were beautiful girls with the whitest skins, and Belle had red-gold hair. Belle also had immense

(*Continued on page* 198)



A SECRET OF HISTORICAL NOVEL WRITING: A double page in one of the voluminous note books in which Kenneth Roberts marshalled his facts before he embarked on the task of writing *Northwest Passage*, his 700-page epic of pioneer days in America in the 18th century which is said to be proving the biggest best-seller in the U.S. since *Gone With the Wind* captured the public imagination. The title symbolises the shortcut to fame, fortune, and romance after which men seek so ardently

HERO IN FACT AND FICTION: Major Robert Rogers (*left*), braggart, adventurer, visionary, and conqueror, is the central figure in *Northwest Passage*, the large scale novel by Kenneth Roberts (*right*) which tells of the struggle with Mohawks and primitive dangers by flood and forest

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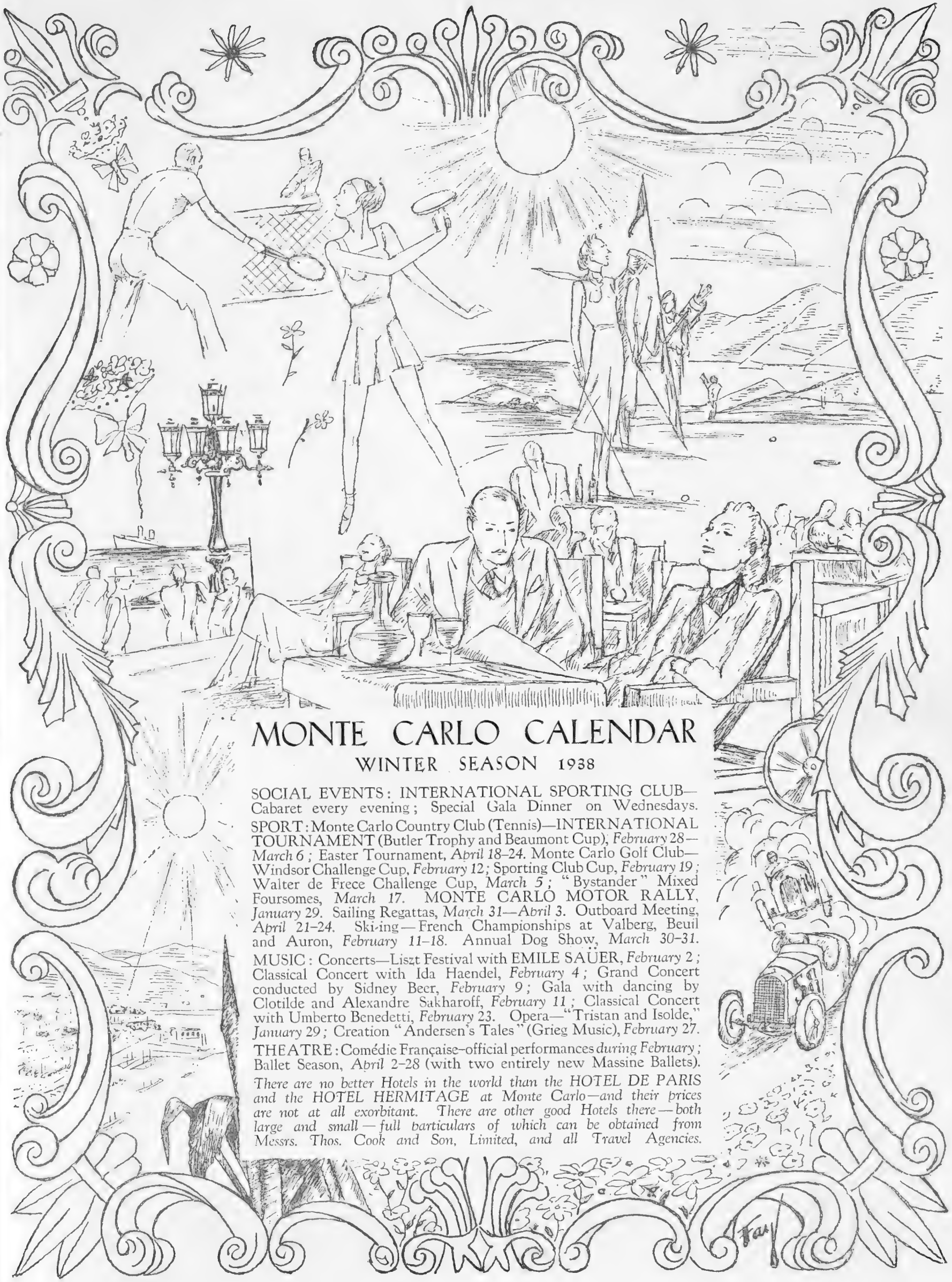

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1938

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February* 28—*March* 6; Easter Tournament, *April* 18–24. Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February* 12; Sporting Club Cup, *February* 19; Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March* 5; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March* 17. MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January* 29. Sailing Regattas, *March* 31—*Abril* 3. Outboard Meeting, *April* 21–24. Ski-ing—French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *February* 11–18. Annual Dog Show, *March* 30–31.

MUSIC: Concerts—Liszt Festival with EMILE SAUER, *February* 2; Classical Concert with Ida Haendel, *February* 4; Grand Concert conducted by Sidney Beer, *February* 9; Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff, *February* 11; Classical Concert with Umberto Benedetti, *February* 23. Opera—"Tristan and Isolde," *January* 29; Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February* 27.

THEATRE: Comédie Française–official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *Abril* 2–28 (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

250 YEARS TO-DAY: The modern-looking church in Stockholm dedicated to the memory of Emanuel Swedenborg, the renowned Swedish scientist, philosopher, and statesman, the anniversary of whose birth on January 29, 1688, is being celebrated this Saturday both in Europe and America. Swedenborg had a considerable effect upon the development of Christian theology with his doctrine that "God alone lives. Creation is dead—man is dead; and their apparent life is from the Divine presence." Despite this he himself founded no sect, but the Swedenborgian body, called the New Church, was organised by Robert Hindmarsh, of Clerkenwell, in 1787, fifteen years after the great mystic had died in Cold Bath Fields, London

THE PETROL WORLD (*Cont. from page* 192)

we expect to-day. So far as I can remember all the troubles were due to its ultra-light construction. However, when it went it went well and pleasantly.

This German car is certainly an eye-opener. It not only looks big but is big. Its engine, I believe, is about 7 h.p., so it must be tremendously efficient to put up the performance it does. I know people are apt to run away with the idea that two-stroke engines are unreliable and sometimes extremely difficult to start.

Knowing our friends the Germans as we do, and what the great name of Auto-Union stands for, I think it is safe to assume that the firm would not adopt this type of engine if they had the slightest doubt in their minds that it would prove reliable. As regards ease of starting I have to say that I saw it spring into life after being left four hours out in the open during which time the roof of the car became coated with frost. It started at the first push of the starter button. The doubtful Thomas will of course say "Wait until the next time," but my answer to that is the truly remarkable one that the manufacturers do not supply a starting handle.

Even our most expensive British cars are equipped with a starting handle, although they may hide it away in some remote corner of the tool compartment. I am indebted to the Rochester Motor Company of Rochester for having had the opportunity of this very short test on a car which I first saw some six months ago and which intrigued me not a little.

I believe that the designing of a fairly efficient, reliable two-stroke engine is not so easy as the few number of parts in the engine would suggest but we have some really first-class motor-cycle engines of this type and when these are water-cooled we can mention the name of a manufacturer who has had experience in turning out such power units for more years than I care to remember. Practically every motorist has heard of and has the greatest admiration for the two-cylinder, two-stroke water-cooled Scott motor-cycle. I should imagine that an enlarged edition of this power unit would be completely suited for car work.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

IN the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys of good character are trained for a life at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. In the Society's Homes, boys are trained for definite trades and will always be employable. The girls are prepared for domestic service. This is the work of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, which constantly maintains and trains 1,200 poor boys and girls. The Society is in urgent need of funds, and a special appeal is made to the readers of THE SPHERE to help this great work by sending a donation to-day. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

DEBRETT'S CORONATION EDITION

The 1938 (Coronation) edition of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* (royal 8vo., cloth bound, 84s. net) is one of the most up to date of all the great reference books. Events within the scope of the volume are recorded until as recent a date as November 30, 1937, thus including in the body of the work such alterations as were involved by the extinction of the Earldom of Londesborough and the conferment of a baronetcy on the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir George Broadbridge.

The number of honours bestowed during the past year has reached the phenomenal total of nearly 700, and the corrections necessitated by births, marriages, deaths, etc., have been unusually heavy. Subjects referred to in the preface include the Abdication of King Edward VIII, the Accession of King George VI, the Coronation, the Regency Act, Princess Elizabeth sole heiress to the Throne, the Dukedom of Windsor, the birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, honours for H.M. the Queen, abolition of Honours fees, death of father of the House of Lords, termination of abeyance of Barony of Audley, etc., and a host of other facts of like importance.

THE AGISTERS OF THE NEW FOREST: Mr. Ger[ald] and Mr. Hubert Forward whose task it is to pol[ice] this great tract of woodland and who are now eng[aged] in attempting to catch the "rustlers" (pony t[hieves] who have been very active of late, taking ad[vantage] of the fact that the brandmarks at this time of the year are not easy to detect at a quick glance

Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place — although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 8 ° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.

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The ISLES *of* JUNE

In the Bahamas the Traveller Finds Peace and Pleasure With a Background of History — and Buccaneering

CAN you picture an island in the shape of a rough oval with pointers to such exciting spots as Black Beard's Tower, Slave Huts, Paradise Beach, and Mermaid's Pool. It looks like a page torn from a story-book of pirates and hidden treasure. The one I have in mind, however, while rich in the latter associations, is nevertheless one of the happiest holiday grounds in the world in these days.

THE TROPICAL GARDENS OF NASSAU: A picture epitomising the beauty of New Providence Island, gem of the Bahama group, which is becoming increasingly popular as a wintering place these days

It is the island of New Providence, the chief of the Bahamas which begin not very far off the coast of Florida and trail well down towards Haiti.

The name of that particular island is not very familiar, and many are even a bit vague about the position of the Bahamas, but mention Nassau and they brighten immediately, since they know it well as one of the most inviting places of the West Indies. It is the capital town of the group of islands of which something like thirty are inhabited, but their total number runs into thousands if you count the islets. It is not often that the names of the largest of them are heard, which is rather a pity because they are quite picturesque, such as Rum Cay, Eleuthera, Exuma, Inagua, Abaco, and Cat Island.

Our comedians long ago wore out the joke that Christopher Columbus discovered America and the rest of the world had regretted it ever since, but actually his first landing was at San Salvador or Watling Island in this group, and he had unconsciously hit upon a place which has since given pleasure and health to many generations. They have been called the Isles of June and seem to embody all that the poets associate with that glorious month.

Their geographical position makes them particularly attractive to the people of the United States and Canada, and the sailings from the Atlantic seaboard are very numerous. Jaded and weather-beaten city men in their hundreds seize the opportunities of a complete change. The cruising liners from Europe are also frequent visitors. They go to Nassau and that brings us back to the "pirate's" map. Lying off the north side of our island is a much smaller one labelled Hog Island, and with it are coral reefs which help to form the remarkable natural harbour of Nassau giving ample accommodation for pleasure craft of all dimensions. Naturally such an archipelago has a strong appeal to the yachtsman.

NASSAU'S GLORIOUS HARBOUR: Gleaming waters fringed by palm trees beneath a radiant sub-tropical sun

Before we look round the island let us have a ramble in the town with its white limestone houses picturesquely placed among groves of palms and surrounded by bright flowers and hedges. At the entrance to the harbour are two old forts, Fort Charlotte and Fort Montagu. The former was so named in honour of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, and it contains curious old dungeons and corridors. At the back of the town is another old place, Fort Fincastle. The approach is interesting, a flight of sixty-seven steps having been cut in the coral rock. You can do the inspection of these strongholds in the right atmosphere for the guides are in the uniform of the regiments which once garrisoned them. A little way along the coast is Black Beard's Tower and it gets that name from the notorious pirate Teach who is said to have used it as a look-out station. In these times the best view of the surroundings is from the top of the Water Tower.

Tradition and the fiction writers have it that pirates thought more of rum than water but the fact remains that we are indebted to a cleaner and perhaps less colourful age for the structure which gives a panorama of nearly 20 miles in all directions. It must not be thought for one moment that there is any association between this tower and the days of prohibition on the mainland, although that period and its rum-runners provided a few more exciting episodes in the historical background of the Bahamas which had already seen a Spanish conquest, buccaneers, pirates, and been a base for the blockade runners of the American Civil War. These things are kept alive for the welcome visitor to-day, but when you come to think of some of the bad old days they are a bit grim, and it is on the score of their soothing airs and sense of peace that I would commend to you the Isles of June . . . their beautiful clear warm seas, skies, and sunshine.

There is one outstanding sight of endless fascination, the Sea Gardens at Nassau. You visit them in glass-bottomed boats and see a wonderful array of coral growths, anemones, and gaily coloured fish. The gathering of sponge from the bottom of the sea, one of the chief industries of the islands, is of never failing interest. It gives employment for many of the native population and fleets of small boats.

First-class motor roads have been made all over New Providence Island and the bridle paths which traverse it are a great joy to riders. Sport of every description is available and the hotels are on most up-to-date lines, there are cabarets and a casino. These early months of the year are the best time to be there and there are various ways of getting there apart from the cruises. There are routes by way of Jamaica, Bermuda, and the Azores while of course the lines out of New York, Boston, and Halifax are available for those who cross on the North Atlantic routes. The New York—Nassau passage occupies 2¾ days. The air services may also appeal to you, Miami, in Florida, being only two hours' flight away.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

LANDMARKS

In the Stirring History of the Bahama Islands

1629: The British founded a settlement in New Providence.
1641: The Spaniards expelled the British settlers.
1666: New Providence colonised by settlers from the Bermudas.
1670: Charles II made a grant of the Bahamas to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, and others.
1703: French and Spaniards made a descent on New Providence, blew up the fort, spiked the guns, burnt the church, and carried off the principal inhabitants to Havana. Thereafter the islands became the resort of pirates.
1718: Edward Teach, the pirate, killed in action and Captain Woodes Rogers sent out as first Crown Governor.
1776: New Providence captured by Commodore Hopkins of the American Navy.
1783: New Providence recaptured for Britain. 4,000 acres on Long Island recorded as under cultivation.
1788: The red bug destroyed cotton crops.
1794: Cotton crops again ravaged and cultivation temporarily abandoned.
1864–65: Rise of blockade running trade, consequent on the closing of the southern ports of America, brought immense trade to the islands.
1866: Violent hurricane passed over New Providence, destroying the orchards.

BATHING PAR EXCELLENCE: The luxuriously equipped salt water pool belonging to one of the leading hotels at Nassau, chief resort of visitors to the Bahamas

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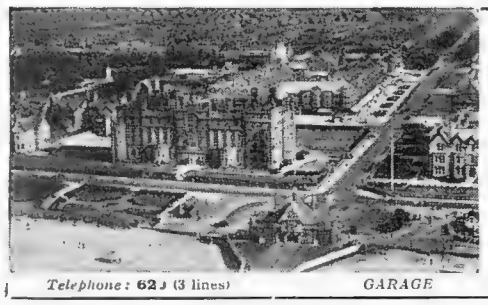
Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, will be glad to send you full particulars. Private Suites available. One minute from the station. Telephone : 164



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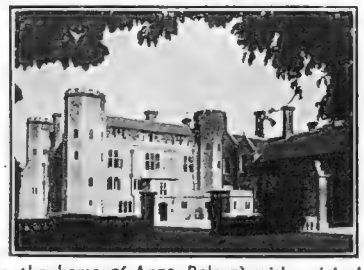

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In Quest

This Answer to a St. Alb Subject of General Inte

I RECEIVED an inquiry the other day from a young lady living in St. Albans, who has just bought a car and wanted me to tell her, as far as I could see, how she ought to use it! What she actually asked was, "I should like you to give me advice about some place within about 80 miles of St. Albans, either north, east, or west, where one could run out on Saturday afternoon and back Sunday evening or Monday morning. You will realise, of course, from my address that I am on the wrong side of London to be able to spend much time at week-ends in exploring Sussex or Kent."

Well, that is such a very general inquiry that I think it may be of interest to my SPHERE readers if I say just how I set about answering it. My first thought was of places which are associated with the St. Albans and Hertfordshire neighbourhood in my mind, such as the Cromwell at Stevenage, and several others.

Then it occurred to me to take a compass and see from the map what an 80-mile radius from St. Albans included. What was my surprise to find that Felixstowe, King's Lynn, Grantham, Leicester, Warwick, Cheltenham, Salisbury, and Eastbourne are all—more or less—within the limit! Evidently people who live in St. Albans are well situate for touring Britain!

However, in this case my correspondent was looking for small hotels and inns in the country. So, hastily putting out of my mind the Felix Hotel at Felixstowe, the Queen's at Cheltenham, the County at Malvern and all the other first-class hotels which leapt to mind in this area, I began to think of smaller but still thoroughly reliable places. In the end I made a list of six hotels which I could confidently recommend, and told my correspondent to come back for more when she had more detailed ideas of what district she wanted to explore.

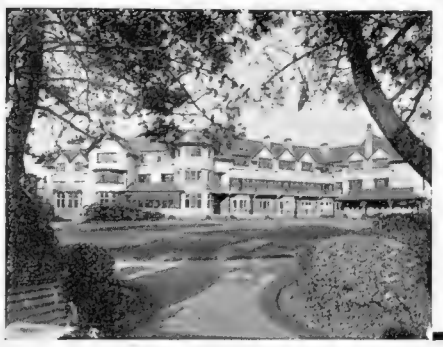
Here are the six—in the order they occurred to me and not in order of merit! First, the William and Mary at Stratford-on-Avon. Nobody can think of touring England without visiting Stratford-on-Avon, for not only is the town itself a place of pilgrimage from all over the world but it is situated in the heart of lovely countryside. The William and Mary is a small place, but much sought after, and in its own way, perfect. You cannot always get in, but it is well worth the small effort of trying.

Secondly, the Ram Jam Inn at Stretton on the Great North Road

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager : OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL



An Hotel of Quality and charm for a holiday of content. 80 restful bedrooms (many with private bathrooms) with lovely views over Bournemouth Bay. Six acres of gardens with private beach and foreshore to afford complete seclusion. En-Tout-Cas tennis courts. Five golf courses within easy reach (Parkstone adjacent).
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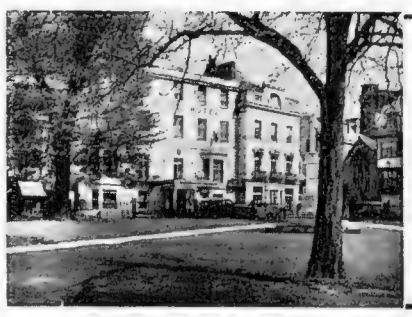
Telegrams: Salubritas, Bournemouth
BOURNEMOUTH, W.



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close
Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

A Reader's Inquiry Provides a Theme for the Week-ending Tourist

which I mentioned in last week's article. This again is small, but the constant watchfulness and attention to detail of the proprietor and his manager always lead to happy and regular visitors.

Thirdly, the Crown and Thistle at Abingdon. I have already written at length about this excellent hotel, so I will only say now that it is really a very special place, and I have yet to meet anyone who has regretted going there.

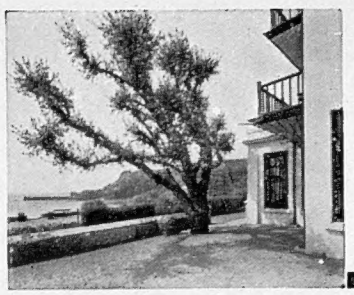
Fourthly, the Mitre at Oxford. Of course, the Mitre is not "the small country hotel" that I was really looking for, but a visit to Abingdon is unthinkable without a visit to Oxford, and Oxford and the Mitre seem to be about synonymous.

Fifthly, the Pike and Eel at Overcote Ferry in Huntingdonshire. I know of nowhere else in the whole country which is quite like the Pike and Eel. A paradise for sportsmen, it is wonderfully situated on the banks of the River Ouse, it offers all manner of fishing and shooting, including duck, for its guests, golf is close at hand, and the skating championships are held every winter less than a mile away. For huntsmen the hotel stands on the borders of the Fitzwilliam and Cambridgeshire countries. But apart from all that visitors can do at or from the Pike and Eel, it has a marvellous atmosphere which is all its own, and I suggest that not only travellers and holiday-makers, but also students of hotels should go and try it for themselves.

Finally I suggested the Swan at Lavenham. This is a particularly pleasant hotel and one of the famous Trust House group. It always seems to me that the Trust Houses in this part of the country are exceptionally good, and the Swan is a place I often recommend.

There, then, is my list. I could have suggested many other hotels and many other places, especially in the Cotswolds. But I think that anybody going and staying in the hotels I have mentioned and exploring the country round them will have at the end a very good impression of the English countryside and of English hotels.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*



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Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice for winter . . . a soft equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering.—Palm Court Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281. 3282. 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel. Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1627.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holiford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines)
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

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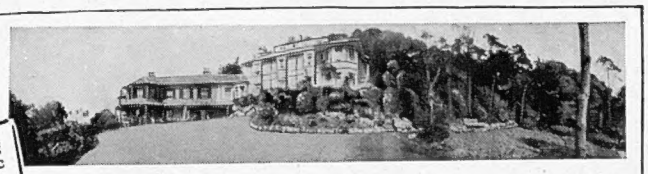

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Running water.

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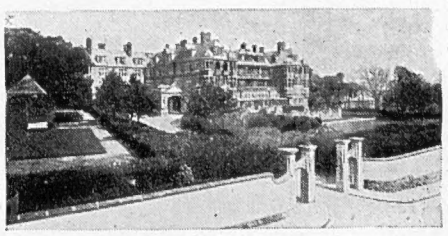

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Rooms with private baths and toilets attached.

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Vita Glass Sun Lounge

Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

CENTRAL EUROPE SITS ON THE FENCE

(*Continued from page* 168)

extent within the German-Italian orbit, but not entirely. They both maintain collaboration with Geneva. They both have friendly relations with Britain and France. And, finally, relations between them and the little Entente States continue to improve. Indeed they have been obliged to sit on the fence long before their neighbours in Central and South Eastern Europe began to do the same.

Czechoslovakia is the only one not sitting on the fence. She follows a very definite policy of collaboration with the Western Powers, France and Britain, and the League of Nations. She also has her defensive pacts with France and Russia. With Germany her relations are strained because of the violent Nazi propaganda about the Sudetendeutsch minority in the Republic. With Poland her relations are not so good as they might be, owing mainly to Colonel Beck's disinclination to seek an accommodation with President Benes. These things are not Czechoslovakia's fault.

There is no doubt that in spite of this state of affairs Czechoslovakia is open to better relations with Germany and Poland and willing and anxious for close and friendly collaboration with her Central European neighbours. Under the guidance of that good European, M. Hodja, the Premier, her relations with Austria are already excellent, and her relations with Hungary improving.

This, then, is the real picture. In this picture the fence looms large. But not necessarily to the detriment of European peace and stability. For the fence may well develop into an important belt of neutral Powers, with a real contribution to make to the maintenance of the general European balance and the preservation of peace.

Provided the fence does not break down under the weight, and one or more of the sitters fall into the arms of the Dictators, all should be well.

REBIRTH OF THE TRIBALS

(*Continued from page* 173)

This was not so with other nations. They, whom we had regarded as second-class naval Powers, were building super destroyers and leaders of much greater displacement, which—in armament power and speed—far outclassed our own.

In 1935 there came the crisis, and again in the centuries of his maritime history, the Briton had to "look to his moat." He found his fleet, as always, in the centre of the storm; he knew its personnel was still beyond compare, but he learnt that certain essentials were lacking.

That crisis may have saved us, for the whole nation re-awoke. At last it became possible for the Admiralty's long and anxiously awaited programme to be put into

CONTINUATIONS

effect. Its plans were ready, for every question had been considered long before, and every test and experiment had already been carried out. New battleships could not be laid down until 1937, cruisers also were still limited by treaty, but in destroyers we were free to go ahead.

And thus it is that in December there were launched, in famous yards at Southampton and on the Clyde, H.M.S.s *Nubian, Punjabi, Bedouin,* and *Sikh*—the last of sixteen super-destroyers, seven laid down in 1935 and the remaining nine last year. Of 1,850 tons displacement, and armed with no fewer than eight 4·7-in. guns of a new and improved pattern, they far outstrip their 1,350-ton predecessors, the A to I classes, laid down since 1928; and they will be more than a match in all-round fighting power for those of any other navy.

Early next summer, the first eight will join the Mediterranean Fleet, to be followed shortly by their later sisters. The Tribal class they are called. Their names—*Afridi, Cossack, Ghurka, Maori, Mohawk, Nubian, Zulu, Ashanti, Bedouin, Eskimo, Mashona, Matabele, Punjabi, Sikh, Somali,* and *Tartar*—recall that famous class of thirty years ago.

In them history is repeating itself. Born, like their predecessors, at a time of growing crisis, they too outclass their predecessors at a single stride. May they play, however, an even greater part in our history—that of preventing war instead of having to endure it.

"Nauticus"

FLOODLIGHTING FRANCE'S FAMED CATHEDRALS

(*Continued from page* 179)

window is the King's Gallery, containing colossal statues of the Kings of France in canopied niches. The two fine towers originally carried spires. The cathedral shows great unity of design and was carried out rapidly from its foundation in 1212 to its general completion in 1241. It is generally believed that Rheims was the inspiration of the builders of Westminster Abbey, which resembles it in general design.

Amiens.—Amiens Cathedral escaped the horror of the cruel bombardment which fell upon Rheims during the great war, but it was saved only just in time. The Germans came within nine miles of the city when they made their desperate attempt to break between the French and English armies in March, 1918. Some shells fell on the cathedral but irreparable damage was not done to the lovely fabric, which had been protected as far as possible with sandbags. The great battle which took place the following August when the German army was driven back with great losses was the determining factor, it is said, to convince Ludendorff that victory could not be achieved.

The cathedral is one of the largest in Europe and the soaring height of its interior is most impressive—"the roof is half as high again as the roof of Westminster Abbey." It was begun in 1220 and finished in 1228, and thus represents Gothic art of the thirteenth century very completely. The western front is one of the richest in France. The central doorway of the three deeply recessed portals is known as the Porch of *Le Beau Dieu d'Amiens* from the exquisite figure of the Saviour separating the wooden doors. Ruskin said that this figure was "beyond all that had then been reached of sculptured tenderness." Above the portals is an open gallery, surmounted by a row of twenty-two statues, representing the Kings of Judah.

Notre Dame de Mantes.—Mantes is situated on the Seine, between Rouen and Paris. It was while attacking the town that William the Conqueror fell from his horse, and sustained such injuries that he died shortly afterwards at Rouen. The Conqueror left a large sum of money for the building of Notre Dame in compensation for the church which had been burnt during the siege. The main part of the structure is twelfth century, but there has been considerable alteration.

B. H.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 190)

determination. Early in her life she had summed up her situation and assessed her chances in a worldly but perhaps not altogether mistaken way. She chose the primrose path which led, via good clothes and a bogus secretaryship, to a film career in England.

Rosa was a romantic and fell in love with a young Englishman, new to the country and to its special problems, and poor Rosa broke her heart. It sounds a simple enough story, though I don't know why that should be any discredit to it, and it gains enormously from the charm with which it is told. The old house with its echoes and even ghosts of another, nobler age, the jasmine-grown sundial in the trampled garden, and the plaster escutcheons looking down on a vivid, lively squalor for which they were never designed; these things have none of the self-consciousness of "atmosphere" but are a background for a story of wistful loveliness.

Already I have put this book aside for re-reading: it belongs to the same shelf as its predecessor, of books about which the judgment of the heart may be truer than the judgment of the head.

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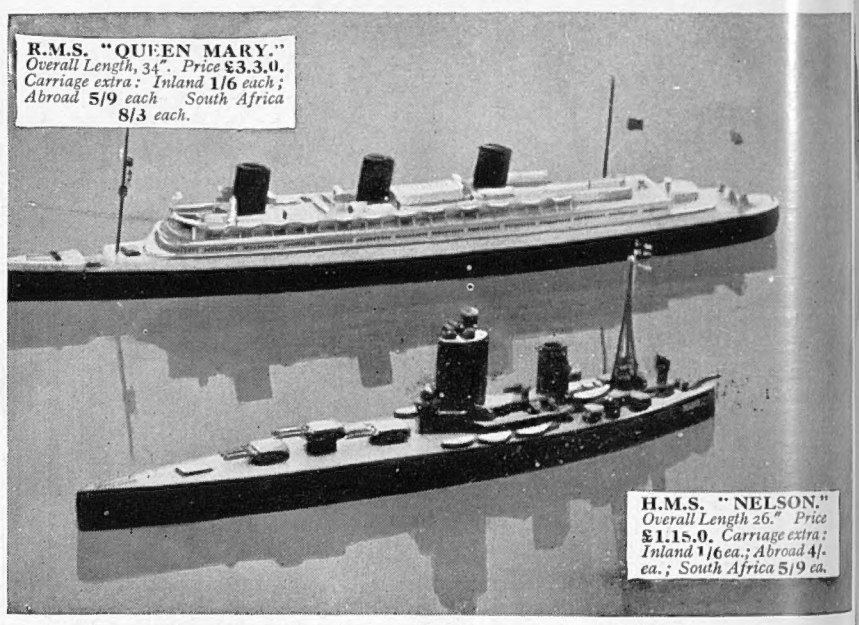
THE FLEET IN MINIATURE



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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden. Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Le Trayas (Var) Navirotel (The Ship Hotel).—Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Menton.—Hotel Atlantic and Malte.—First class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden. Noted for catering.

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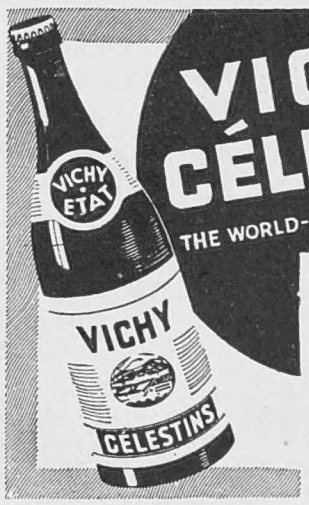

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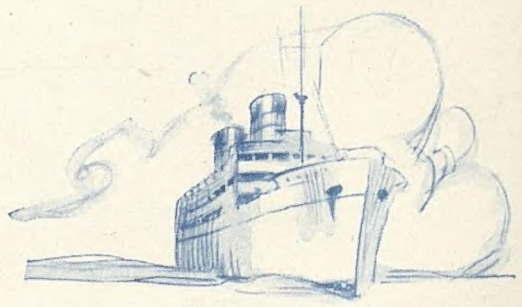

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